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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY HAZEN.

Father Time has been plodding  
Through sunshine and snow,  
Since the compliment nodding  
Of twelve months ago:  
Until, somehow or other,  
The day's again here  
When we wish one another  
A Happy New Year.

It's a noble salute is;  
A hallowing hope:  
What an unbounded beauty's  
Compressed in its scope!  
All the aim of our living,  
Hereafter and here,  
Is contain'd in that giving  
A Happy New Year!

It perhaps may be silly,  
And may not come true;  
For Fate rules, willy nilly,  
Whatever we do.  
Still, we Fate to forestall have  
No need, it is clear;  
So I hope we may all have  
A Happy New Year.

I'm aware sad events will  
Occur as before,  
That the Black Book's contents will  
Be waded all o'er;  
That, whatever men get have  
From good wishes here,  
A great many will not have  
A Happy New Year.

Still, let wistfulness troll out  
Its carols, till life  
Opportunities roll out  
The map of our life;  
When its chart is unroll'd have,  
We by it to steer;  
Still, may all the wide world have  
A Happy New Year!

## Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUN-  
LIGHT," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE,"  
"WEAKER THAN A WOMAN,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was the close of a bright warm day in June; the place was a little parlor in the most picturesque cottage to be found on the estate of Brynmar; the scene, a strange one, the first that lived in the memory of Lady Hutton's ward, and the one that influenced her whole life.

There seems at times little or no harmony between Nature and man. Outside the cottage the bonnie woods of Brynmar were full of the brightness and beauty of summer. The golden sunbeams lingered almost tenderly on the tall green trees; the wild flowers gave forth a rich tribute of rare perfume; the birds sang gaily, and the busy bees hummed from flower to flower, gathering sweet honey from the fair blue soma. In the shade of the wood there was a deep silence, unbroken, save by the rippling of the little brook and the faint rustling of the leaves;—a summer's evening, such as poets sing of, a golden flush of color, a glory of perfume and harmony.

Inside the cottage was a scene that told of the deepest human woe. The beauty of sunshine and flowers could not touch it. There was sorrow which nothing human could soften or alleviate. In vain the roses and jasmine peeped in at the bright windows, and bent their fair heads as though in sympathy. In vain the summer breeze came in laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn and the new-mown hay; in vain birds sang and flowers bloomed; it was all in vain, for a human heart was breaking there, from excess of sorrow and woe.

It was a strange scene. The parlor was bare and poorly furnished; no carpet, no pictures, no books, nothing that told of comfort; stern, dread poverty was shown in the few articles of furniture; in a small chair near the centre of the room sat a lady magnificently dressed; costly velvets and rich silks swept the cottage floor. She was in the prime of life, a tall, stately, well-formed figure, a clear-cut, calm, patrician face, bearing the impress of many troubles. No one ever called Lady Hutton beautiful,

but in the exquisite refinement of every feature, in the expression of the clear eyes, and the smiles that at intervals lighted her face, there was a charm deeper than that of vivid coloring or perfect form. Her dark, brown hair was plainly braided; her dress, in its simple elegance, was perfection. She looked what she was, a thorough English gentlewoman, calm, elegant and refined. If any storms of passion had ever crossed her quiet face, there was no trace of it now; if scorn, or hate, or love had ever dwelt in that quiet heart, they were all dead. She seemed as one who looks out upon the world, yet takes little interest in it.

Far different from the calm, passionless lady was the beautiful lady who half knelt, half crouched upon the floor, and covered with hot, bitter tears, the white, soft fingers of a little child. A waving mass of rich golden brown hair fell over her shoulders in splendid confusion and disorder; the face, though deathly pale and stained with tears, was a most beautiful one. There was a supple grace in every line of her figure, a dignity even in her self-abasement, yet Magdalen Hurst was but a simple village girl, owing none of her rare beauty to noble birth or high descent. She had no thought of her beauty. If ever woman's face looked as though her heart were broken, Magdalen Hurst's looked so now. Passionately, wistfully she kissed the child's hands, and buried her face on the little head, kissed her as though she hungered and craved for love, kissed her with all the warmth of affection and the passion of despair.

"My little Hilda," she cried, "look at me; let me carry your sweet face in my heart, look at me, darling."

The little one raised her wondering eyes to the white wistful face, and there was a strong resemblance between mother and child. Both had the same beautiful violet eyes, the mother's hair was golden brown, but the child's pretty curls were of pure pale gold; the same delicate, charming features, the same white brow and arched red lips. The two gazed at each other, the mother with difficulty restraining from tears, the child wondering what all this sorrow meant.

"I am half sorry I came," said Lady Hutton. "You will unfit yourself for the journey, Magdalen."

"I could not have left without seeing her," said the woman, pleadingly. "Oh, Lady Hutton, can you not tell what it is to have your heart torn in two, as mine is? I must give up my husband or my child. He is in sorrow, in exile, and in want. She will have a home and a mother. I must go to him; he needs me most; yet death itself would be less bitter than leaving my child."

"Still," said Lady Hutton, "as you cannot have both, I think you are acting wisely. Hilda will have everything to make her happy with me."

"I know that, my lady," sobbed the woman. "I know it, or I should not leave her. I do not fear for her, but my heart aches for my little child. I shall feel the clasp of her arms round my neck I shall feel her warm soft lips on my face, I shall hear her voice and listen for her footsteps. My life will be empty and dark without her."

"Choose for yourself," said Lady Hutton, quietly. "If you wish to alter our arrangements, there is time to do so."

"Do not torture me, my lady!" cried the poor mother. "You know I must go to him. In lives such as yours there comes no sorrow such as mine. Can you not understand what it is to look your last, perhaps, in life, upon your own child?"

A quiver, as of sharp pain, crossed the lady's calm face for one instant.

"I can understand it," she replied, gently; "and that is why I have brought Hilda here. Believe me, Magdalen, I shall not by her as though she were my own."

The woman made no reply. With every moment that passed, her face seemed to grow whiter and her sorrow deeper; she clasped the child in her arms as though nothing but death could part them.

"My own child!" she murmured; "my own little child! I, who loved her, cared for her. I who have shielded her

with my life, and I am looking at her for the last time. Oh my lady, change your plan. Say, if I return I may claim her. How can I live without her? How can I die? What answer can I make the Great Judge when he asks me for my child?"

"You are only doing what you decided yourself was for the best," said Lady Hutton. "I cannot change my plans; they are founded on common sense. If for fifteen or twenty years I educate your daughter, and she becomes a delicate lady, you would not surely wish to drag her down again to your level, remembering what that level is?"

"No," replied the woman, shuddering, as with deadly fear; "anything rather than that."

"You are not the first," continued Lady Hutton, in her cold, passionless voice, "whose life has been wrecked at its outset; others have had the same troubles, perhaps even greater. Life is ended for you. The cloud that has fallen over it is a dark one—no light can penetrate it. Let your child live and be happy as she never could be with you. Do you think, after fifteen years spent as my daughter, that it would be fair to ask her to return to such a home as yours? Would it not be cruel and unjust? Be brave for her sake, Magdalen. You have yourself decided where your duty lies."

"I know," said the poor mother, plaintively; "one way or another, my heart must break."

"You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one can bear much, yet live on. Hilda will be happy and well cared for; if she lives she will grow up a beautiful, accomplished lady; she will be my ward and my heiress; she will have wealth and position; she will marry well, and live honored and esteemed. Yet you would have her exchange all this for poverty and shame."

"But, my lady," said the woman, "he may repent; and then—"

"Hush," said Lady Hutton; "I believe it is easier to change the leopard's spots than to reform a really bad man. See, I have brought the money, Magdalen; now, tell me, is there anything more that I can do for you? Do not ask me to alter my conditions. I cannot do so. If I take Hilda now, it is for life; and I exact from you a solemn promise that you will never seek her again, never ask for her, but remember always that for her own good you have parted with her until you meet in another world."

Magdalen Hurst clasped the little child still more tightly in her arms. Her lips lingered lovingly on the fair little face, the golden curls, and the sweet lips.

"My darling will be a lady," she said, "a grand lady; she will have dresses and rare jewels; she will be rich and honored; but my heart will be empty, and she will have no mother; she will never know me, never love me."

Lady Hutton took from her purse gold and bank notes and laid them upon the table.

"The sum we agreed upon is there, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "It is growing late; you had better say good-bye to Hilda; we must leave you now; write to me when you reach your journey's end. I can only hope your future may be happier than your past has been."

A low moan came from the white lips still touching the child's face. Then Magdalen Hurst rose and took from her finger a thick plain gold ring.

"Lady Hutton," she said, gently, "may I give this to Hilda? Will you let her wear it?"

With her own hands Lady Hutton fastened the ring to a little chain the child wore.

"I promise you," she said. "Hilda shall always wear it. I will put it on her finger when she is old enough."

It was a plain ring, made in a peculiar way; with the single word, "Fidelity," engraved upon it.

If Magdalen Hurst could have foreseen all that could arise from the fact of her daughter's wearing that ring, she would have risked her life sooner than have given it to her.

"Good-bye, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "I trust you will have a prosperous

voyage. Never let a fear for Hilda's welfare cross your mind; she will be to me as my own child. Bid her farewell! See, the sun is setting; we must go."

She turned aside while the unhappy mother held her child in that last close embrace. In that minute Magdalen Hurst died as loving, suffering women die. Death, when it came, held no pang half so bitter as that which rent her heart now. She covered the little wondering face with eager passionate kisses; she pillowed the golden head on her breast, and bent in untold agony over it.

"Hilda," she whispered, "my own little child, I shall never see you again. Say 'good-bye,' and 'God bless you mother.'"

The child repeated the words, then clasped her arms round her mother's neck.

"Let me stay with you," she cried; "I love you best."

In one moment it seemed as though the mother's soul must leave her. Then she clasped the child, murmuring words that Lady Hutton never forgot. To the last her mournful eyes followed the little figure, drinking in, as it were, every movement, every action. The child passed forever from its mother's home. She gazed after it, watched the sunbeams shining on the sweet face and golden hair, watched the stately lady take the little one in her arms and dry her tears, watched the child as it smiled, and then she knew herself forgotten.

With a cry that rang out on the clear summer air, startling and shrill, Margaret Hurst fell to the ground, and the sunbeams played upon her white, unconscious face; while the child from whom she had parted slept softly and sweetly in Lady Hutton's arms.

### CHAPTER II.

FIVE YEARS before the opening of our story, there was not a happier or more beautiful girl in Scotland than Magdalen Burns. Her father was head gamekeeper to Sir Ralph Erskine. Her mother had been Lady Erskine's maid. They married and lived in a pretty cottage close to the woods of Brynmar. They had one little daughter, called Magdalen, to suit some fancy of her mother's. On the same day that little Magdalen was born at the cottage a daughter and heiress was born at the Hall. Lady Erskine was, however, dangerously ill, and her babe was nursed by Mrs. Burns. As the heiress of Brynmar grew up she retained a great affection for her foster sister. Lady Erskine offered to send little Magdalen to school, but the sturdy gamekeeper refused. He was quite willing, he said, for his daughter to learn reading and writing; but he did not want a useless fine lady about the house. Magdalen must learn to wash, to brew, and to bake; then, at some future day she would make a good, sensible wife. Wait, for instance, could be better for her than to marry one of the young gamekeepers, who might perhaps in time succeed him? He was not ambitious, this honest Donald Burns. Education was all very well for Miss Erskine; she would perhaps marry a lord; but his Magdalen had nothing to look to, except succeeding her mother in the management of the little household.

So Magdalen learned to read and write, and nothing more; but Nature allows no interference, and she had originally intended Magdalen Burns to be something more than the "gudewife" of a poor, honest Scotchman. The girl had a dowry that sometimes a princess lacks; she was gifted with wonderful beauty—beauty not common with those of her class—refined, delicate and sensitive. Her face was lovely, spiritual, and full of poetry. Her violet eyes were clear and true; the sweet sensitive lips were charming in their sunny smiles.

The little hands, trained to brew and to bake, retained their whiteness; the tall, graceful figure was not spoiled by the life of almost rude labor. Nature does strange things; and she had given to this daughter of a Scotch peasant beauty and grace that might have been envied by a queen.

Miss Erskine, Magdalen Burns's foster-sister, is no way resembled her. She was



perfectly well bred, with a cool, calm, stately manner, somewhat dignified and haughty, and a clear, fair patrician face; but no one ever thought of calling the heiress of Brynmar a beauty.

Despite the difference of rank and position, there was a warm attachment between the two girls. Miss Erskine often left her stately home to wander in the woods with the lovely young girl whose face every one declared resembled a picture.

At times, Magdalen Burns was asked to the Hall, but her father never wished her to go there; perhaps he had some presentiment of the fate that would overtake his beautiful daughter.

He heard nothing but her praises, and he did not want her head to be turned with flattery. When gentlemen visitors at the Hall, having heard of the beauty of his only child, called on different pretences at the cottage, Donald received them very coldly, and gave imperative orders that his daughter should always remain in her room while visitors were in the house.

Miss Erskine had many lovers, but she cared only for one, that was the young Lord Hutton in her own station; she will have a chance of happiness then. If she marries Stephen Hurst, she will be wretched for life.

Miss Erskine tried her influence, and Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine tried theirs, but all in vain; when did love ever listen to reason.

Before the summer ended beautiful, simple Magdalen Burns became Stephen Hurst's wife.

### CHAPTER III.

NO one expressed any surprise at hearing that Magdalen Burns had married a "gentleman from London." Few knew anything of Mr. Hurst, except that he was one of the gentlemen who visited the Hall. The beautiful girl who lived in the quiet seclusion of Brynmar woods was known and admired. The hasty, unequal marriage created no sensation. One or two simple, honest young keepers sighed and wished they had been more favored by Fortune.

Donald Burns and his wife were divided between sorrow and joy;—sorrow at losing the light of their home; joy that their beautiful daughter had married a real gentleman, a friend of Lord Hutton's.

Miss Erskine was the only one who felt keen unqualified regret. Lord Hutton spoke in such strong terms of Mr. Hurst that she knew it would be better for her foster sister to die than to become the wife of a man utterly reckless and without principle. Even high words passed between the two, who had hitherto felt nothing but kindness for each other. Miss Erskine was hurt and offended that Magdalen should marry against her will. Magdalen retorted that the man she was going to marry had long been one of Lord Hutton's chosen friends, for which retort the heiress never pardoned her.

Stephen Hurst married the beautiful, simple country girl, and took her to London. He established her in third-rate lodgings in Pimlico. When Fortune favored him, he supplied her liberally with money; when it frowned, he contented himself by abusing her.

He was not naturally a cruel man; he would never rejoice in torture for torture's sake; but he was selfish and egotistical, mean and false. As much as he could love anything, he loved the fair, sweet young wife, whose loving worship never abated, even when poverty and want pressed sorely upon them; and though he cursed her in a passionate moment for being a tie upon him yet he was always to her a king amongst men.

But her dream of happiness was soon ended. She never saw Stephen Hurst as he really was, but she had seen enough to perceive that there was no hope of a peaceful or happy life with him. In her sweet, womanly way she tried to remonstrate with him, to persuade him to think of better and higher things, to teach him some of the sweet and holy lessons she had learnt in the little church by Brynmar woods.

But he laughed her to scorn. When in a good humor, he contented himself with ridiculing everything good and pure; when angry, he would pour out a flood of blasphemous ideas and words that frightened the gentle girl, who had been taught to reverence all that he scoffed and sneered at.

It was some time before she discovered that he had no source of income, save what he derived from gambling and betting. It was a bitter sorrow to her. She implored him to try some honest method of living; she offered to work for him.

But he only laughed at her ideas, and told her, when he could afford it, he should open a gambling saloon at home.

Before long he did so, and then the real torture of her life began for Magdalen Hurst. The change was cruel, from the bonnie woods of Brynmar, from flowers and trees, from the happy, peaceful cottage life, to the narrow street, and the close, stifling rooms of the little house. When the hot gas was all lighted, and no sound could be heard save the rattling of dice and the angry murmurs of excited men, she would sit and dream of the homes she had left, of the evening sky with its pale gleaming stars, of the night wind whispering amidst the trees, of the sleeping flowers and birds, of the little

brook that sang all night, and of the beautiful hush and calm that fell upon the woods,—that seems so different in its beauty and purity from this.

Still, her love never abated, never wearied or grew less; she hoped against hope. But a greater trial was coming. Stephen Hurst seemed all at once to lose his good luck. He never touched a card without losing; he grew morose and irritable, then desperate, and in an evil hour he fell into the lowest depths. He forged the name of a young nobleman who had frequently played at his house. The forgery succeeded, and the sum of money he obtained was a large one; but, as invariably happens, detection followed the crime closely. He was watched, arrested, and tried.

The gay, dashing Stephen Hurst, who had purposely thrown off all principle, and hated all restraint, found himself now a prisoner for one of those crimes which the law punishes most severely. Then, when the world justly fell from him, when good and bad alike looked with abhorrence upon him, he learned the value of a wife's love.

Magdalen Hurst clung to him still. Others might believe him guilty—he might be condemned, and punished—it made no difference to her. He was her king, though a fallen one. Woman-like, she loved him more tenderly and truly in his adversity than she had done in his prosperity. Others blamed him; she knew how he had been tempted. She made a hundred excuses for him, even while she deplored his crime.

When the day of his trial came, men gazed with wonder on the beautiful white face, so full of anguish and despair.

Her eyes never left him, and her lips quivered with every word that told against him.

When the sentence of ten years' transportation was given, one long, low cry, never forgotten by those who heard it, rang through the court, and Magdalen Hurst fell as one dead.

Something like a sharp quiver of pain passed over Stephen Hurst's face as he saw this; but even the heavy sentence had not power to quell his light, trifling, thoughtless spirit. He bowed almost gaily to judge and jury, and left the dock utterly unmoved. He could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his crime. To him it was a piece of "unheard-of bad luck,"—an "ill turn of the tide,"—a "misfortune," but he never called it a sin or an error. He thought her notions narrow and bigoted. What could such a man, utterly devoid of all honor, understand of a religious, loving, sensitive nature like Magdalen's?

She spent every moment with him. There were whole nights when she never left the prison gates,—standing there content to gaze upon the walls that held him. She was of the nature that makes heroines. Her love, in its grand self-forgetfulness, was simply heroic; but its heroism was all wasted upon him.

Five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England, little Hilda was born. He only saw her once. What there was of a better nature in him was touched when his fair young wife laid the little babe in his arms. He half wished he had been a better man; but the good impulse vanished almost before he kissed the little face. He made his wife promise that she would come to him if she could, and she intended at any cost to keep her word.

Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish. Awakening from it, she found herself alone in the great city of London,—alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the man she loved; where every idle word uttered against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart.

So for three years Magdalen remained in the great city, working hard to maintain herself and her child. During that time, Donald Burns and his wife died. Miss Erskine, the handsomest, gayest, wildest man in all the highlands,—reckless careless, debauched Lord Hutton, the prodigal son of a royal race.

He liked Miss Erskine, and his friends advised him to marry her; she would be rich, and he needed money.

Lord Hutton did not decide all at once; he went frequently to the Hall, and on one occasion took his favorite boon companion, Stephen Hurst, with him.

Stephen found his visit a very dull one; he did not care for the pompousness of Sir Ralph, or the insanity of Lady Erskine; and besides, there was no billiard table at the Hall.

Lady Erskine disapproved of gambling in even its innocent branches; a game of billiards was something terrible in her eyes. Miss Erskine never appeared to see or notice anyone except Lord Hutton, and the other guests were summed up by Mr. Hurst in his amiable way, as "a mixture of bores and nobodies."

Having no mischief ready-made at his hand, Stephen went out to seek it for himself. He sought and found it in the shape of the gamekeeper's beautiful daughter.

Wandering one day through the woods of Brynmar, he sauntered down a broad path to enjoy a cigar. The day was fine, and the cigar a good one.

Stephen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, in order to enjoy both; and as he sat there a girl, beautiful as a fairy vision, came tripping down the path.

Stephen Hurst saw her with a thrill of delight. He had been idle and listless; here was something to do. Here was a beautiful young face, pure, sweet, and happy; he could teach it to blush and to glow. Here was a pure, innocent young heart; he could teach it to love. All that he said to himself as the girl drew near. She did not perceive him until he, to attract her attention, spoke. Then Magdalen Burns raised her eyes to his face, and in that one look met her fate. He asked some idle question as to the nearest way to the Hall, and she replied.

Then gradually he drew from her her name, and simple little history. Nothing could be better, he said to himself. There was no one to interfere while he remained at this dull place; it would be a magnificent resource to be able to meet this beautiful, simple girl, out in the bonnie woods of Brynmar. He never calculated on Donald Burns' strength of arm or strength of will.

Lord Hutton could not imagine how it happened that Stephen Hurst, who used to complain the whole day long of the dullness of the place, and every one in it, suddenly grew attached to it, and absolutely tried to persuade him to prolong his stay.

Brynmar woods could have told him why. There was no day passed that Stephen Hurst did not meet Magdalen under the shade of their tall trees.

What need to tell the story? He wooed, as idle men do woo, when they have no other occupation; and she learned to love as the young and happy love when they are so wooed. She thought him a king amongst men. No one was so handsome, so brave, so kindly. He was like one of the knights of old. Who else spoke so gently and musically? What voice, what face was like his?

She never thought of herself; she never asked herself if it were wrong or foolish to spend long hours in these summer woods, listening to the sweetest and falsest words that ever fell from false lips. How true he seemed—how noble, how good! What had she done that this great happiness should come to her, the priceless love of the greatest and noblest of men?

Poor Magdalen! did she ever see him as he was—mean, false, and narrow, without one good instinct, without one noble quality? Did she ever see him as he was—handsome, with a coarse, animal beauty selfish, cowardly, and ungenerous? Never, until the time came when all things were made clear to her eyes. The golden veil of romance had fallen over him: he was a hero, a knight. He loved her, and what could she do to show her gratitude for so priceless a treasure as this love? So, while the warm, bright summer days lasted she met him under the shade of the tall, green trees, and she learned to love him as women love once in life, and can never love again.

How it would have ended no one can tell; but one morning, while the dew still lay upon flower and leaf, Magdalen went out to meet her lover. They walked for some long time up and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white with rage, stood before them.

"So," said he, slowly, "this is it! I have always said that fatal beauty would prove a curse. Go home, Magdalen; leave your love with me. Stay do not let me be rash. Is he your lover? Does he profess to love you?"

"He does love me," said Magdalen, "and I—oh father, do not be angry—I love him."

She spoke bravely, although trembling with fear.

"I am not angry, child," said the keeper gently. "Go home,—I will settle this."

"You will not hurt him, father?" pleaded Magdalen.

"I will not hurt even one of his well arranged curls," said the keeper, grimly. "Leave him to me."

Magdalen hastened away, and the two men gazed fixedly at each other.

Stephen Hurst did not quite like the strong hands that trembled with eagerness. He was a coward at heart, but thought in this case there was nothing much to fear.

"Well, my friend," he said, insolently, "don't act the virtuous peasant. I have seen that kind of thing so often upon the stage that I am tired of it."

"I tell you what you never saw upon the stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he did justice to her."

There was something in the hot angry eyes that glowed upon him, and in the low, hissing voice that shook Stephen Hurst's craven heart.

"Do not let us make an error," he said, hastily; "your daughter is a beautiful girl, and pure as an angel. I would not utter one word derogatory to her to save my life."

Donald Burns' stern face softened at these words.

"Have you taught my child to love you?" he asked; "tell me in one word. I will know the truth."

"She does love me," replied Stephen, quietly.

"Then listen to me," said the keeper. "You are a fine gentleman, I suppose—come from the Hall; she is poor and almost friendless, but you have taught her to love you, and if you do not marry her and make her happy, I will follow you—even to the world's end—and slay you;—you hear me; I say it—I who never broke my word. Now please yourself."

He turned away without one word more, leaving Stephen Hurst looking vacantly after him.

"A very pretty price certainly to pay for a summer's wandering in these stupid woods," he muttered; "that all comes from having nothing to do. I must either marry the girl, or run the risk of being beaten to death by that energetic and active keeper. Well, I have nothing to keep her upon; I cannot even keep myself; but she is a beautiful girl, and I really like her better than any one else in the world. Let me toss up for it; heads, I marry her; the reverse, I run away."

Then he carelessly threw up a few small silver coins.

"Heads win," said he, with a smile. "I will wait upon the keeper to-morrow."

And that was the man Magdalen Burns idolized and loved.

What passed when Stephen Hurst called at the cottage, no one ever knew.

When Lord Hutton heard that his random friend was to marry the loveliest girl in all Scotland, he advised Miss Erskine to use her influence to prevent the sacrifice.

"Let the girl marry some steady, honest skinner, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went at once to Brynmar."

Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband; begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year passed, and then Magdalen put aside her pride and went back to Brynmar.

She found her foster-sister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sorrow. Her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a boat upon the lake. She stood upon the bank and saw them drown before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance.

Many suns rose and set before Lady Hutton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage where her simple happy childhood had been spent. She waited for many weeks until Lady Hutton was able to see her; then, taking little Hilda by the hand, she went to the Hall.

Sorrow and illness had so completely changed Lady Hutton that her foster-sister hardly knew her again.

There was but little greeting between them until Lady Hutton's eyes fell upon the child. Then her face grew whiter, and her hands trembled.

"Is that your child, Magdalen?" she asked. "Is that Stephen Hurst's little daughter?"

When Magdalen replied that it was, Lady Hutton led her to her own room, where hung the portrait of a lovely little girl, not unlike the one who gazed upon it.

"See," said she, "your child is like mine, Magdalen; you must give her to me; look at the violet eyes and the golden hair."

There was indeed some faint resemblance between the two fair little faces.

"You want money, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton; "money to take you to your husband; you shall have it, as much as you like to ask me for, if you will give me your child. Let her be mine."

At first, Magdalen Hurst was deaf to all entreaties; she would not hear of it; then the master passion of her life came into play. He whom she loved had sent for her, and sent again.

She yielded at length, and consented that Lady Hutton should adopt her child. It was a hard struggle; how hard, none knew but herself.

It was arranged, at last, to give little Hilda a trial; she was to visit Lady Hutton; if she appeared happy and contented her mother agreed to leave her there; if not, she would forego the great wish of her heart. But Hilda was quite contented; she liked her new and pretty dresses, the grand house, and, above all the stately lady who was so cold to everyone else, and so kind to her; for Lady Hutton loved the child beyond all words, and when that little golden head rested on her heart it seemed as though her own little maid was there again.

So for three weeks Magdalen Hurst lived alone in her little cottage, and then consented to part with her child. The conditions of Lady Hutton were hard ones, but she would not alter them. Hilda was to be as her own daughter; never again was Magdalen to claim her, or call Hilda her child; never, let what would happen.

Lady Hutton was liberal in her own way. She did not spare gold, and Magdalen Hurst left England amply provided for, and never saw the face of her foster-sister again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## FAST AND TO COME.

BY J. L. K.

The Old Year's life is falling now,  
And softly the night winds sigh,  
As he takes the crown from his pallid brow,  
And lays his sceptre by.  
And as the tranquil hours go by  
His requiem stinks and swells—  
Old Year, methinks 'twere sweet to die  
To music of such bells.

And some brave hearts that hoped in thee  
Have seen thy life depart,  
Till, like ships on an angry sea,  
They have lost their guiding chart;  
For it is not always the soul can say:  
"Thus far and no farther I own thy way."  
To the warring passions that strive and fight  
To lead us from the paths of right.

Looking back on the year's brief stay,  
It shows a chequered scene—  
How oft our feet have lost the way!  
How weak our hearts have been!  
Oh, may the New Year bring a dower  
To every heart of inward power,  
And let no darker shadow come  
Between us and our promised home.

## Nothing New.

BY A. K. STODDART.

FOUR more days, and then New Year!"  
exclaimed Laura Abbott, joyously.  
"What a jolly time New Year is!—  
Isn't it, Emma?"

"I think so," replied Emma Fletcher,  
Laura's bosom friend and confidante; "but  
here comes some one whose appearance cer-  
tainly does not bespeak an increase of cheer-  
fulness. Let's see! we turn down here, so  
we shall avoid meeting her."

"Oh, Grace Wilton! no, indeed, she  
doesn't look as if too much joy would turn  
her brain!" exclaimed Laura, laughing. She  
did not mean it to be ill-natured, but it was  
certainly not a kind laugh. "Wait a min-  
ute, Emma; I should like to speak to her,  
and wish her a happy New Year when it  
comes." It amused me to see how she turns  
away from anything like fun, and looks as  
if she were repelling to herself her favorite  
maxim, "All is vanity—there is nothing  
new under the sun." Wait a moment; she  
does not see us yet."

The two girls stood still by the side of the  
road, and waited while Grace Wilton came  
slowly up to them. Her age evidently did  
not exceed theirs, but her bearing was de-  
void of the same sprightliness, her face bore  
no traces of the lively carelessness that  
characterized theirs. The bright sunshine  
—unusually bright for December—seemed  
unheeded by her; her whole deportment  
plainly showed she was mindful of the  
cloud within, forgetful of the sunshine with-  
out.

"Good morning, Grace," said the two  
girls; "what a lovely day, isn't it?"

"We shall have a splendid time for New  
Year if the weather keeps like this," said  
Laura, still harping on the joys of the fu-  
ture. "Somehow, every year seems better  
than the last; don't you think so, Grace?"  
she added, with a sly smile at Emma.

"No, Laura," replied Grace. "For my  
part, I see no difference. The new year  
seems to me exactly the same as the old;  
and so it will be to you as soon as the balls  
and parties are over; and even they can  
only be the same over and over again."

"We are going to Mrs. Mott's party on  
the first," said Emma; "like every one else,  
I suppose. Shall you be there, Grace?"

"Of course not," replied Grace, rather  
reproachfully. "I have not been invited,  
as no doubt you know."

"Well, I don't think you can blame Mrs.  
Mott for that," remarked Laura. "She has  
asked you year after year before, and you  
would never go; so I dare say her patience  
is exhausted."

"Don't say wouldn't, Laura," said Grace,  
in a low tone. "You forget aunt was ill."

"Well, it seems a strange thing she should  
have been ill every time," said Laura, with  
a laugh, in which Emma joined; "and so of  
course Mrs. Mott must have thought.  
Well, never mind, Grace; it's a good thing  
you don't care for parties. I know it would  
make me miserable the whole year if I  
thought I should miss Mrs. Mott's; and this  
time, too, it is to be better than ever. Good-  
bye, Grace."

Laura and Emma turned down the lane  
and Grace went on her way alone. And  
what was the burden that made her so sor-  
rowful? It was the dull weariness of her  
life, rather than any heavy trouble, which  
made Grace Wilton what she was. She had  
no parents, and lived alone with an aunt—  
a cross, disagreeable old woman, perpetu-  
ally scolding, perpetually being ill espe-  
cially so when there was a chance of Grace's  
going out; so, from being debarred other  
society, she had acquired a distaste and con-  
tempt for its enjoyments, a morbid resigna-  
tion to her lot.

"There, Grace, for goodness sake, shut the  
door and come in," said her aunt. "You've  
stood there staring long enough, I  
should think. Is there anything particular  
in the stars to-night? They always look  
much the same to me."

"No, there is nothing new," said Grace  
to herself, with a sigh, as she closed the  
door and went in as directed, prepared to  
pass the evening in the old way, alternately

reading the newspaper aloud to her aunt,  
or listening to the latter's querulous re-  
marks. But there seemed at least a chance  
of change to-night, for Mrs. Hill was but  
just settled in her easy chair, and Grace  
had barely opened the paper to begin, when  
a ring came at the front door. Seven  
o'clock! such a thing had not been known  
for years.

"Who's that?" demanded Mrs. Hill,  
sharply.

Grace opened the door. Standing out-  
side was a stranger, a gentleman, perhaps  
twenty-five years of age—no more—with a  
face the pleasantest she had ever seen, and  
a voice when he spoke fully in accordance  
with his face.

"Good evening," he said, with an air of  
assumed embarrassment; she knew directly  
it was not real. "I wish to see—Dear  
me, how exceedingly awkward! I have  
forgotten the name; but I wish to see Miss  
Wilton's aunt, and as I believe I have the  
pleasure of addressing Miss Wilton, I may  
say at once I wish to see your aunt. May I  
trouble you to give her my card?"

Grace mechanically received what he  
gave her, and walked away with it to the  
parlor, wondering so much about the name  
engraved thereon, that she forgot her aunt  
had any concern in the matter, until the  
sharp inquiry, "Who was it?" brought back  
her wandering thoughts, and in answer to  
which she laid the card on the table.

"And you know my glasses are not here,  
Grace," said her amiable relative. "Tell  
me what it says, if you haven't quite lost  
your senses."

Grace took it up again, and read aloud,  
"Henry Argent;" that was all the card  
could tell them.

"Argent," repeated Mrs. Hill. "I be-  
lieve I've heard the name, but don't know  
when or where. I'm sure, Grace, why  
don't you help me to remember? What  
sort of a looking person is he?"

"Is it not possible that a personal survey  
might be the best answer, my dear madam?"  
said a clear, manly voice, and Henry Ar-  
gent himself walked in. He had grown  
weary of waiting at the front door, and had  
therefore closed it, and followed without  
ceremony Grace's footsteps.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting,  
sir," said Mrs. Hill, rising with unusual  
alacrity—she was invariably polite to  
strangers. "(Grace how could you be so  
thoughtless?) But I was trying to remem-  
ber where I had known you before; and  
even now I cannot call to mind."

"No, I dare say not," said the young man  
with a smile, and taking a chair near the  
old lady with an easy air of gracefulness  
that took from it all appearance of freedom.  
"Will you kindly let me tell you exactly  
who I am, and then we shall get on with  
other affairs much better. Miss Wilton,  
you are standing," said he; and a chair was  
promptly placed for Grace—the first atten-  
tion of the kind she had ever received.

"My mother's name before her marriage  
was Ellen Seymour," said Mr. Argent ad-  
dressing Mrs. Hill. "She was a schoolfel-  
low, and very dear friend of yours, as per-  
haps you may remember, and also of your  
sister, Mrs. Wilton. She has been dead  
now more than four years; but I had heard  
so much of you, that being in your neigh-  
borhood I thought I might venture to claim  
acquaintance. To continue my account—  
Mrs. Mott, your neighbor at Walton Lodge,  
is my father's sister, and I arrived yesterday  
for the purpose of spending the New Year  
at her house. But I must not forget to de-  
liver my aunt's message, and that is she  
has her usual gathering of young people on  
the evening of New Year's Day, and trusts  
this time nothing will prevent Miss Wilton  
from joining them. They say she is rather  
a recluse, Mrs. Hill; so I must beg your as-  
sistance in drawing her out of her cell, and  
obtaining me a favorable answer."

He looked at Grace with such a merry  
smile, that, though she had so recently ig-  
nored the agreeability of parties, she could  
not but think everything must be pleasant  
that he shared in.

It was wonderful how easily he worked  
his way into Mrs. Hill's good graces. His  
deferential method of appealing to her, and  
listening to her remarks, were enough in  
themselves to ensure her granting his re-  
quest. So, after a little hesitation, she was  
pleased to say that Grace might have gone  
every year had she chosen, but she was so  
mopish, and never cared to go out. As to  
this time, he might ask her himself; there  
was nothing to hinder her.

Henry did not stay to hear more; the per-  
mission, ungracious as it was, sufficed. So,  
turning to Grace, he declared he could read  
"yes" in her face, and took on himself to  
promise that the carriage should fetch her  
at seven o'clock on Monday evening, when  
he hoped for the pleasure of meeting her  
again. Then he wished them good evening,  
and hurried away, leaving Mrs. Hill strong-  
ly impressed in his favor.

"Now, the first thing to-morrow, Grace,  
we'll have a fly, and drive into the town to  
buy your dress," said her aunt. "I'm not  
going to have you looked down upon.  
Your mother was as good as his, anyhow,  
if she didn't marry quite as well."

The New Year, then, was at all events to  
begin with a new dress. Was this only the  
beginning of wonders?

Well, the party came off and was a great  
success. Only everyone was surprised to  
see the attention the star of the evening,  
Henry Argent, bestowed upon Grace Wil-  
ton. And you may be sure Laura Abbott  
and Emma Fletcher—both ambitious, hand-  
some girls, looked on it with anything but  
pleased eyes. But this was not all. Grace  
not only monopolized his care there, he  
actually visited Mrs. Hill's the next day  
and two or three times additionally the  
same week.

Another result of the party was that  
Henry's intended fortnight's sojourn ex-  
tended to months, of which the greater part  
was spent at Mrs. Hill's; but what a short  
two months it appeared, when at last he  
came really to say good-bye. He was going  
to return to France, and would not be home  
again until next New Year.

"And then," he said, holding Grace's  
hand—she had come with him to open the  
door—"I shall see you again; and if all be  
well, we shall perhaps not part so soon.  
You won't let anything make you forget me  
till then, will you?"

Grace looked up, and revealed the tears  
that trembled on her eyelids. He could  
read his answer in that look; but as yet he  
would not express what he felt. Time  
would prove.

"You heard me say that I would write to  
your aunt," added Henry; "so I shall still  
be able to send you a book now and then,  
and you will keep up your visits at the  
Lodge; so I shall hear of you very often.  
Farewell!"

Grace could not say farewell. Poor girl!  
she was full of grief, for there was some-  
thing in Henry's manner that spoke louder  
than words. But she had never till now  
thought of his really caring for her; she had  
been content, as it were, to have him near  
to lavish her affections upon him. She  
knew she had no qualifications for laying  
siege to his heart, nor did she attempt it;  
she had but irresistibly surrendered her own  
without thought of return.

But Grace was not going to subside into  
what she was before. The determination  
to do better than heretofore did not wear  
away as days passed on, and the New Year  
grew old. If she ever saw him again (she  
always said if) he should not see his words  
that night had been forgotten—though, per-  
haps, they were forgotten already by him.  
Never mind: she remembered.

The first of October! Grace Wilton's  
thoughts leaped over the next three months,  
and began the next year in imagination—  
should she see him again then? They had  
not heard from him for a long while, and  
his last letter said nothing of his return;  
still, her faith was unshaken. He had said  
he would see her then; and she believed he  
would.

It was a lovely morning, and Grace was  
out for a walk. How much more liberty  
she enjoyed now than formerly! She  
thought, while out, she might as well stroll  
on to Mrs. Mott's; she had not been there  
lately, and she might hear some news. So  
on Grace walked down the well remembered  
lane, and across the same meadows, where  
on two or three occasions she had walked  
with her. How long, and yet how short  
a time ago it seemed! This was the very  
spot where she had met Laura and Emma,  
where they had teased her about Mrs.  
Mott's party; and it was the same night her  
invitation arrived, and she had first seen  
Henry.

"Good morning, Grace," said a well  
known voice.

What a sudden interruption!—just as she  
was once more in thought opening the door,  
and seeing him standing there. It was  
Laura Abbott who spoke; and she stopped  
as if meaning to say more. It was some  
time since Grace had been honored with so  
much notice.

"I see you are like me, enjoying the sun-  
shine," continued Miss Abbott, with un-  
wonted affability. "Emma is gone to Lon-  
don for a fortnight; I do miss her! Turn  
back, and walk with me, Grace, will you?"

"I would certainly," replied Grace, hesi-  
tating; but I am going on to Walton  
Lodge."

"Oh, then, I won't hinder you," said  
Laura, quickly. "You want to hear all  
about this fresh piece of news, I suppose;  
but, after all, it is only the old story over  
again. Is it long since you heard from him,  
Grace?"

With lips that trembled despite her efforts  
to steady them and without heeding Laura's  
last question, Grace articulated:

"What news?"

"Surely you are not going to say you  
don't know?" said Laura, with a little laugh.  
"Why, the marriage of your old friend,  
Mr. Argent, of course."

"Is he married?" asked Grace. She spoke  
as quietly as usual, and Laura was not to  
know how her heart was throbbing.

"Oh, I don't say that, exactly," said  
Laura, with that air of importance which  
so many assume when telling others some-  
thing they do not know. "I believe he is  
just now in a pleasing state of fluttering  
anticipation—just on the eve of matrimony,  
you know. But is it possible?" she added,  
breaking off abruptly, "that this is the first

you have heard of it? Why, I thought you  
and he kept up a regular correspondence?"  
"He has written to my aunt two or three  
times," replied Grace, with a heightening  
of color that was not confusion, "but never  
to me."

"Oh, I had been told otherwise," con-  
tinued Laura. "Well, you must feel very  
glad that he has none of your old letters to  
laugh over with his wife though I dare say,  
when I come to think of it, he would not  
write to you. Gentlemen are fond enough  
of flirting, but they prefer word of mouth to  
paper. It was too bad of him, though, to  
go on with you as he did, and engaged no  
doubt all the time. For my own part I al-  
ways saw what he was, and discounten-  
anced his attentions from the beginning.  
But Grace, are you not surprised?"

"No, not at all," replied Grace, calmly.  
"Well, I'm glad you take it so," said  
Laura. "Some girls might have fancied  
anything from his behavior to you. I hear  
he is to be at the Lodge by the New Year;  
so I suppose he will bring his bride with  
him, and then we can see what she is like.  
Good bye, Grace. I had almost forgotten I  
am keeping you from Mrs. Mott."

Laura walked briskly away, and was soon  
out of sight. Grace, too, moved steadily  
onward, but she soon turned from the  
straight road into a narrow, winding lane,  
where she was pretty well sure of meeting  
no one. She could not go to Mrs. Mott's  
now; she must have her dark hour alone;  
and Grace sat down on a low stile, and laid  
her head against the side palings. Sudden-  
ly she felt a light touch on her shoulder,  
and heard a voice saying:

"Grace, my darling Grace, what troubles  
you so?"

Springing to her feet with a half stifled  
cry, Grace faced the speaker who had ap-  
proached the stile behind her. There he  
was himself, Henry Argent, looking as he  
had looked of old, and yet not the same ex-  
actly. His eyes had never looked into hers  
as they were looking now, his hand had  
never clasped hers as she felt it clasped  
now, and he had said, "My darling Grace."  
Overwhelmed with astonishment as she was,  
these words rang in her ears with a distinct  
almost painful. What could they mean?

"Grace," he repeated again coming closer,  
"won't you speak to me—tell me your  
griefs." He waited an instant, and then  
asked, "Are you not glad to see me?"

The sudden look she gave him was  
enough; he knew she was unchanged by  
time; the rest he could learn presently.  
So, still holding her hand, he made her sit  
down again and placed himself by her side,  
remaining quite still and silent till her  
calmness was restored. Then passing his  
arm gently round her shoulders and bring-  
ing her averted face round to where he  
could see it, he said gently, and with a  
smile, "And now tell me what you were  
crying for? But say first, was your trouble  
one that I could not remove?"

But she would not reply. Love him as  
she might, he had avowed no love for her,  
and had no right to ask; but he knew her  
thoughts almost as soon as they had entered  
her mind.

"Well, let me speak first," he said, very  
quietly; "and when you have heard me,  
you shall do as you like about giving me  
an answer. When I went away seven  
months ago Grace, (it seems more like  
seven years) I left my heart with you; yes,  
with you, darling. I loved you dearly, but  
I love you now I think more dearly still.  
You were too artless to hide what you felt,  
Grace. I knew I had then only to tell my  
love and you would give yourself to me.  
But, idiot as I was, I fancied that even you  
needed a test—that perhaps you would be  
like so many others I have known, won by  
the first fresh face, and forget me when I  
was no longer near you. So I went, mean-  
ing, as you know, to stay the whole year;  
but I could not. I found I loved you too  
well; that, in trying you, I was only in-  
flicting penance on myself. Can you for-  
give me, dearest, for this shade of doubt? It  
shall, I promise you, be the last. Am I  
presuming when I say that the first look you  
gave me told plainly your heart was mine  
still? Tell me Grace, shall it always be so?"

Lower and lower her head had drooped,  
borne down, as it were, by a load of happi-  
ness; but in was stayed at last in its proper  
resting place; and, in a state of joy too deep  
for utterance, Grace sat perfectly still, list-  
ening to his whispered words of love. The  
sun shone upon them brightly, and the birds  
carolled above their heads, as if they, too,  
rejoiced in their reunion.

"And now, Grace," said Henry, as they  
rose to walk on, "am I to hear the origin of  
those tearful eyes. What was it, love?"

Grace repeated what had passed between  
herself and Laura Abbott.

"That report is owing to a letter I wrote  
my aunt," he said. "Presuming on your  
fidelity I informed her I was about to change  
my condition, and that, soon after my re-  
turn, I hoped to have the pleasure of intro-  
ducing my wife at Walton Lodge."

No one saw much more of Laura again  
until the first of January when she was  
present at the party at Walton Lodge, it be-  
ing nothing more or less than a ball in honor  
of the nuptials of Henry Argent and Grace  
Wilton, which were celebrated on New  
Year's Day in memory of their first meeting.



## THE UTMOST.

BY S. A. K.

When our spirit grows faint with its burden of care,  
And seems ready to barter its hope for despair;  
Through this season of trial, whatever it may be,  
There's a whisper of comfort for thee and for me.  
'Tis a motto which patience and toil must reveal,  
While onward, with shoulder pressed firm "to the wheel."  
We conquer the bad, though we scarce win the good,  
Still cheered by the thought that we've "done what we could."

It may be but little, the most we can do,  
But this matters not if our motives be true;  
We shall never go wrong while we steadily try  
To redeem every hour as it passes us by.  
Employment alone makes this life worth the living,  
We must give our whole time, nor be grudging in giving.  
God's work is unceasing for beauty and good,  
And of us be it whispered, "They've done what they could."

Oh, brave soul or feeble! whichever it be,  
But faith's gentle whisper bring comfort to thee.  
If strong in thy workings of purpose and will,  
Let their powers be directed to battle with ill.  
If faint and afflicted, yet slow to repine,  
Think whose strength was "made perfect in weakness" like thine—  
Whose love was unceasing in working our good,  
And who first breathed the words, "She hath done what she could!"

## Anna's Plan.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

MR. GRACEY stood before the fire, and poked the glowing coals vigorously—when he was vexed he always did that, by way, I suppose, of satisfying his desire to strike whoever he happened to be vexed with.

This time it was with his pretty daughter, Anna, who was making her shining knitting-needles fly faster than her father did the poker, while her bright brown eyes gazed somewhat defiantly at the form of her father as he stooped over the fire, and her pretty red mouth was compressed with a determined expression.

Mr. Gracey's head was shocky and sandy now, but, if one had seen his portrait as a young man, it would have shown a dark auburn, which lay in waves like Anna's own, and in the face a strong resemblance to hers.

She resembled him in his strong will, too, and her opinions clashed oftener than was quite agreeable to the gentle mother, who wanted everything to go on smoothly.

This time it was Anna's beau—indeed, her accepted lover, who had once had the father's consent—who was the cause of the trouble.

There was a dance over at Westfield Corners, as it was called, and Anna was determined to go with her lover, Richard Landon, and her father was determined she should go with a city cousin who was visiting them, in their own trap. And, if he could have seen a letter, from Richard, which was snugly hidden in Anna's pocket, he might have been more determined than he was.

"Father, you never objected to Richard till you had that dispute with his father about the land," said Anna.

"Maybe not," replied Gracey, straightening up his tall figure; "but I've vowed since to have nothing to do with the whole set of Landons. Like father, like son. No body knows how Richard's going to turn out. I've made up my mind I won't have him poking round here any longer."

"But, father, we had your consent once."

"Don't care if you did. I take it back, that's all. Now, there's your cousin Tom wants you as bad as Richard does; why can't you take him, like a sensible girl, and be satisfied?"

"Father, nobody thinks much of Thomas Wilby but you. I don't believe half the tales he tells about being well off. I never will marry him, I tell you."

"We'll see about that. As to this dance to-night, you can either let Tom drive you over, or stay at home."

It was on Anna's lips to say she would stay at home; but Richard's plans and pleadings spoke for him.

"I'd rather go with my cousin than stay at home," she said.

"Very well, then, you can go," said the father.

Anna turned and left the room, but there was something in her air all the morning which made the old gentleman very suspicious.

So at dinner he remarked—  
"I believe I'll ride over to the Corners and see the young people's frolic to-night. I reckon they won't turn me out if I don't dance myself, and I haven't seen a young folks party these twenty years. Yea, I think I'll saddle old Aleck and ride over."

"Do, uncle! That will be jolly!" said Thomas Wilby, while into Anna's face there

stole a look of blank consternation, which did not escape Mr. Gracey, and he slyly chuckled to himself—

"Ah! reckon I've matched them this time!"

But Anna's wits were busy, too, while she was helping her mother wash the dinner-dishes. Suddenly, as they stood putting away the last shining tin in the tiny pantry, Anna caught her mother by the shoulders, and said—

"Mother! I have your consent to marry Richard?"

"Yea, dear daughter. Richard is worthy, we know."

"And you don't want to see me marry Cousin Thomas?"

"Oh, Anna, I would rather see you dead!"

"Well, my dear little mother, I don't think I'll die, and I know I won't marry cousin. But now, mother, I'll tell you a secret. I can trust you!"

"Yea, Anna."

"Well, dear, Richard wrote to me to meet him at the dance to-night. Then we would slip away, go over to Westfield and get married to-morrow morning. What do you say, mother dear?"

The good little woman began to cry, but she said—

"Do as you please, Anna. I can't blame you. The life your father leads you is pretty hard. But, oh, Anna, your father is going to the Corners!"

"Yea, mother, on purpose to watch us; so Richard's plan won't work. But I have another one. I can count on your consent, dear, and a good word with father afterwards."

"Yea!" sobbed the mother.

"That's a dear, good mother," said Anna, kissing her; "don't think I do not appreciate your sacrifice, for I do. And after all's done, I'm sure father has too much sense not to make the best of it."

"I'll do my best for you, dear."

"I know you will, mother! I won't tell you my plan, for it might get you into trouble. And I must get to work now, for I have no time to lose."

Anna found a chance to send her lover a little note, which contained only these words—

"DEAR RICHARD.—I can't go to the Corners. But meet me at Willis' Half way House about eight o'clock, with a fast horse and chaise. Don't be astonished if I come alone, but only be ready for me quick."

"ANNA"

And her message brought her lover's answer, written hastily upon a scrap of her own note, simply saying—

"All right, and all ready."

"RICHARD."

Anna was dressed and in good spirits when her father rode away, at night, and very soon Thomas drove the light chaise round to the door, and helped her to her seat, quite delighted with her gracious friendliness for his cousin Anna was not always ready to show him much favor.

It was a glorious moonlight night, every leaf and twig showing against the white snow.

They rode gaily along for a mile or two, and Anna took special pains to make herself agreeable, until she thought it was about time to set her plan working.

Suddenly, on pretence of arranging the rug, Anna stooped over and dextrously dropped her muff into the snow.

She gave a slight scream.

"Oh! I've dropped my muff; and it was new, a Christmas present from father. Do please get out and get it. I can hold the horse."

Unsuspecting and obliging, Thomas handed his deceitful little cousin the reins, and sprang out to get the muff.

Quick as thought, Anna drew the reins tighly, caught the light whip from its socket, gave the swift horse a cut, and sent it flying down the road as light as an arrow, while poor Thomas, not comprehending her game as yet, ran shouting after them.

But he was soon left far, far behind, while on flew the bay horse, guided by Anna's steady touch, until she drew it up, reeking with foam, under the long shed at Willis'.

Another chaise was there, and, in the moonlight, Anna recognised Richard's fast grey mare.

He came forward at once.

"Is it you, Anna?"

"Yea, Richard," she said, springing out. "Tell the boy to blanket my horse; he's all in a sweat, and keep him here till Cousin Tom comes for him. He'll be here soon, I fancy. Are you ready?"

"Yea, all ready. Jump into my chaise quick, Anna. We'll explain as we go along. You'll go to Westfield with me, dear?"

"Anywhere you please, Dick, only let us be quick."

Dick put her into his chaise, gave a few brief orders to the astonished groom, and was far on the road in a minute more.

Long Mr. Gracey waited at the dance, but neither Tom, Richard, nor Anna came.

At last convinced that something was wrong, he mounted his horse and rode back,

meeting Thomas half-way from Willis' with his news.

Thomas was for instant pursuit, but the old gentleman vowed nobody should go after her or bring her back; she had made her own bed, and she might lie on it for all he cared, whether she found it comfortable or not.

So home went the old father, and nursed his wrath until the next morning, when a note was brought from Anna, begging Thomas's pardon for the cavalier way in which she was obliged to desert him the night before, saying that Richard and herself were married, and gone home to Father Landon's, and were waiting to know if they might come over and ask her parents' forgiveness.

Now Mr. Gracey did know when to make the best of a thing, and he admired his daughter the more for the will and spirit which equalled his own.

So, after fuming and fretting awhile, he said—

"Well, I give in. She's a match for me! Really Gracey pride that! Wife, scare up your fattest turkey, and I'll go and bring them home to dinner."

## A Bit of Luck.

BY HENRY FRITH.

AT the time when the fever of enterprise on the diamond-fields became the rage, I took my passage on board a steamer bound for South Africa.

I reached the scene of the grand lottery after fifty days of wearisome march under the broiling heat of an African sun.

I spent the first days of my arrival in looking around me, and in endeavoring to settle my mind as to what I should set about.

There were certainly many opportunities of embarking my capital, but each one seemed ill adapted to my views.

In the midst of these reflections, and while still musing on my peculiar position, what was my delight to meet with the very object of my thoughts—my old chum, Clincher, a right good fellow, and made of the right stuff.

Between us it was made up what I should do.

To business we went next morning, and on a claim which I felt a lurking desire from the first to set foot on, and, if possible, thoroughly work, but which, from want of proper co-operation, I had been compelled to forego.

The labor, however, bestowed on the selected site, month after month, proved a poor success; and although we were at work early and late, the claim paid us but little, and we had to eke out a scanty livelihood from its unpromising proceeds.

Matters went on in this way for nearly twelve months, when, one morning, Bob and I, taking our coffee shortly after four o'clock, began as usual, to speculate on the luck of the coming day; and such was the state of feelings at which we had both arrived after our incessant and unremitting perseverance, that we resolved, unless something did "turn up" that day—the anniversary of our departure from home—that we would give up our search as a bad bargain, throw up our claim, and look out for something to do, more profitable and certain.

To the old spot we wended once more; he to digging and carting, and I to wash; and hour after hour, with hope still ripe in our bosoms, we toiled on.

It was drawing near sundown, and I had still a large heap of soil to get through, when, as was my custom, carefully watching each particle as it passed before me, mentally weighing each, from long experience—my eyes rested—oh, heavens! can I speak my emotion after such long endurance?

My eyes were fixed upon a stone, which, in an instant, recompensed us for the sweating brow and the weary heart of many a dreary month.

Yea! there it was,—a gem of six carats weight, of the purest water—the bright harbinger of my future weal.

'Twas the work only of a moment to take it in my hands, search anxiously for flaws, lightly poised the glistening prize, and, satisfied with what I felt and saw, put it in my pocket, and, with hand still clutching it, hurry off to where Bob was still seeking and shoveling away.

"Bob!"

"Hallo!" he cried; "what's up?" somewhat surprised at my visit for it was his custom to cart to me, and when the day was done, to call for me on our return.

"Any luck, after all?"

"Yea, by Jove!" I answered; "a beauty."

"Nonsense!—no humbug!" he said, unwilling to believe his ears.

"True enough, old chum," I rejoined; and showed him the glistening star.

"He'll do!" cried Bob—he'll do!" scrutinizing the diamond well. "He'll do, and here's a knock under for Bob Clincher!"

To strengthen this emphatic declaration,

he threw down the spade with which he had been toiling.

"Say," said I; "we'll just cart this matter of earth as it is dug—who knows what may be in it?—and then we'll finish up with the sun."

At it we went together, and shoveling the loose soil into our little hand-cart, with light hearts we drove it before us to the washing-ground, and there cheerily sifted away together.

We had gone through all but the last painful in vain, and had made up our minds that it was a poor spec, when its first washing brought us a diamond of eleven carats, and the second another of seven.

Here was our fortune made in a few hours, and made forever—forever, I say; for neither of us had known what it was to drink or gamble, and save a glass of light liquor now and then, as nature seemed to demand it, not a drop had crossed our lips.

With little ado, we soon disposed of our stock of goods and chattels, and having sold our smaller diamonds for a handsome sum, with faces as bright as the dawn, we set off on our homeward way by the same route which, twelve months before, we had each separately traversed, full of hope and determination.

On the 20th of November Bob and I parted, not without pain; he for Calcutta and I for England, where I burned to meet once more the dear ones I had left reluctantly behind.

It had been agreed between us that we should divide the money already realized, and that I should take the large stone to England, to offer it in the best market there, for we calculated on its making a handsome figure.

I took passage the same day for London, and the next morning saw me on the return voyage to the haven of my rest.

As soon as the vessel got some way out to sea, I began to feel the old sense of seasickness and nausea which had troubled me the first few days of my residence on board when outward bound.

I had taken a first-class ticket, and as the saloon passengers were but few in number, I had the pleasure of a cabin to myself, and hoped, after the first week, to thoroughly enjoy the voyage.

After a few days, I began to recover from my indisposition, and even ventured to enter with some spirit into the preparations which were being made by some on board to get up a little entertainment for the Christmas.

Towards evening, however, I was compelled by my uncomfortable feelings to give up my choice of the anticipated pleasure of Yule-tide.

I had retired to my bunk, and had fallen gradually off to sleep, when towards midnight I was awakened by a noise and uproar in the saloon, where some of my jovial fellow-passengers, having imbibed too freely, were making merry over my cups.

After a while, however, the discord ceased, and as the morning advanced, the sound of voices hushed, but there I lay, restless and uneasy, and vainly courting sleep.

Suddenly, as I lay thus anxious, restless, and weary, I became conscious of the sound of muffled footsteps approaching, and seemingly gliding into my room, the door of which I had left open.

Presently the intruder was within, and with feet bare, softly moving about among the furniture.

In my then state of nervous excitement, I became alarmed, and from the suddenness with which I was taken aback, I was unable to speak, and half-paralyzed, waited, with a painful sense of uncertainty, what would next occur.

Groping about in the dark, my suspicious visitor drew nearer my bunk; slowly and gently his hands moved along the bed-clothes, which were lightly thrown over me.

My heart beat rapidly, and thumped loudly against my chest, while a chilly perspiration burst from every pore in my skin, as I felt the bony fingers gliding towards my throat.

At that moment the blood tingled sharply through my limbs, and with an effort of desperation, I sprang up, and, flinging my arms forward, grasped—heavens! what was it I grasped?

With a wild shriek, I loosed my hold, my unseen enemy fled, and I fell to the floor.

All was dark, and, for a moment I felt as if I had awoke from a terrible dream, but a second thought convinced me it was all too real.

By this time my fellow-passengers, from adjacent cabins, roused from their slumbers by my scream of terror, hurried to inquire the cause of my disturbance.

None, however, could throw any light upon the matter, until the captain, coming forward, and hearing my story, at once cleared up the mystery.

A baboon that was being taken to England by one of the passengers, as a present to the Zoological Society, not having been carefully secured, had somehow managed to escape from his place of confinement during the night, and wandering about, had made his way into the saloon.

Finding the door of my room open, he had stooped in, and created the sensation, the remembrance of which each Christmas Eve must forcibly recall.

Powdered soapstone seems to be the latest article used for the adulteration of butter.

There are in the world seventy-five schools for idiots.



## OUT WITH THE TIDE.

BY W. K. L.

Along the gleaming silver sand  
The tide swings blithely out and in;  
The little waves with joyous din  
Run up to greet the land.  
Behind you rosy flock of mist  
That floats above the harbor bar,  
With one impassioned twilight star,  
The sweet moon keeping tryst.

Slow falls the Night; and waste and wide  
Above the lone sea solitude,  
Some mighty spell of sadness breeds,  
Wrought by the murmuring tide.  
Oh, hasten, love, in fear and doubt  
I count the fatal moments o'er,  
While ever, with a deepening roar,  
The tide swings in and out.

Across you breezy garden reach  
I watch your rose-wreathed lattice gleam,  
As one who seeth in a dream  
Some joy beyond his reach.  
And yet, my sweet, I dare to beld  
That raven looks are more than gray;  
And youth and loving hearts outweigh  
The claims of rank and gold.

Come, dearest, why should we delay?  
The tide is full—the wind is fair—  
The joyous billows leap to bear  
Our free bark far away!  
Across the light, into the night  
That glooms beyond the harbor bar,  
To follow in the westward flight  
Of setting moon and star.

She lays her slender hand in mine—  
Near little hand that trembles so—  
Go, winds, across the world, and blow  
Us unto spheres divine.  
Her head droops flower-like to my breast—  
And out into the world so wide  
Upon the turning of the tide  
We drift in fateful quest.

## THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THEY entered it just in time to see Clara place a letter in her bosom. The baronet was standing near her.

"Not a word," whispered her husband, hoarsely.

Miss Berrington felt, if possible, more surprised than her brother. Even now, with the evidence of her eyes, and much as she hated her sister-in-law, she could not believe her guilty of any serious impropriety, although it answered her purpose to affect to do so.

"Oh, Edward, what am I—"

"Not a word," interrupted the jealous husband, leading her away.

Mr. Berrington was keenly sensitive on the subject of ridicule. The dread of being pointed at as a dishonored man inflicted a keener pang than the possible wreck of his domestic peace.

Publicity he determined to avoid, yet not forego the retribution due to his outraged name. If Clara were really faithless—and the conviction was burning itself deeper and deeper into his heart and brain—he would exact a penalty far more terrible than public exposure could inflict, the mere loss of position, followed, probably, by marriage with the betrayer. The world had laughed at him, and predicted all kinds of things on his marriage with one so much younger than himself. Any agony, he thought, would be more endurable than the shame of knowing it was in the right.

"Are you ill, Edward?" inquired his wife, struck by his silence during their ride home.

"A fearful headache," said her sister-in-law, answering for him.

"Why did you not tell me that? We might have quitted sooner."

"Hypocrite!" was the word that rose to the lips of both her hearers.

The following morning, under the pretence that unexpected business called him away, the unhappy man started for London to consult with Paul Lynx, the detective.

Mrs. Beacham was dying; no one knew exactly of what disease. She felt no pain, she said, and yet her features daily became more pinched, her eyes appeared large, and there was a delicate pink flush upon her cheek.

When Dr. Bray first saw her, he gave a half puzzled look; even his generally correct judgment was at fault. He could not seize upon the diagnosis. So he muttered something about the gradual decay of nature, and prescribed quinine and citrate of iron.

It is our private opinion the poor lady was dying of mental atrophy. From the date of her marriage her brains had stood still, like the windmill in front of the Pergola, at Florence, with the word "Immobile" stamped upon it.

The superiority of her husband annihilated her weak individuality. She had married a perfect gentleman, and the one great fact of her existence destroyed her.

Every tongue spoke in praise of Mr. Beacham. There never was so considerate a husband; he even dined and took his wife out every day in order that the servant might have nothing to do but attend to her mistress. The women pronounced him a perfect pattern for the husbands of Wraycourt.

So profound was his grief at the prospect of losing her that he could not sit up one single night to watch by the bedside of the sufferer, but delegated the duty to his children. True affection never tires, and they performed it nobly.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into minute details of the closing scene. The clergyman was sent for, visited her twice, and then Frank, with streaming eyes, ventured to break his father's silence to announce the last struggle, the model husband rose, carefully dressed himself, and actually descended in time to see the old servant close the eyes of the mother of his children, who went to her long rest without a doubt upon her mind that she had married a perfect gentleman.

A feeling of desolation more painful even than grief fell upon the heart of Lucy. She had not even the memory of a mother's love to sustain her, for Mrs. Beacham, although kind and gentle, had never manifested any very strong affection for her daughter.

The morning after the funeral, the widower—who, to use the words of Martha, the maid of-all-work, had made a very comfortable breakfast in his own room—sent for his son to speak with him.

"This is a sad loss, Frank," he observed, carefully wiping a morsel of egg from the frill of his otherwise spotless shirt.

"It is indeed," sobbed the youth, placing his hand upon the arm of his father.

Mr. Beacham pushed it rather roughly aside, and looking as if some extraordinary liberty had been taken. Frank never forgot the action; it rankled in his heart. He remembered it when his hair was gray, when fortune smiled upon him with one of those cruel, mocking smiles which fall like sunbeams on an open grave, and he stood alone in the world, desolate, unloving and unloved.

We shall be accused, perhaps, of coloring the picture too highly. Alas! it is but faintly sketched. There are those living who, were we to change the names, would start at the lifelike resemblance.

"That will do, sir. You know I dislike familiarity."

Frank dared not trust himself to speak.

"It is quite out of the question your remaining here idling your time," continued his very dignified parent. "Your poor mother's illness has been a great expense; besides, it is fitting that you did something for yourself with your talents."

How frequently have the talents, real or supposed, of some hapless wretch, been urged as an excuse for leaving him to starve with them! His son did not understand this, but he found it all out in time.

"You will start, therefore, for London, and make your way in the world under the auspices of your relative, Dr. Slop, who requires someone to act as amanuensis. He has agreed to give you five-and-twenty pounds a year, to which, although I can but ill afford it, I shall add a similar sum as long as you conduct yourself to my satisfaction, or till you are in a position to relieve me from the burden."

The amount was not very magnificent, nor the manner of announcing his intention particularly generous. The poor fellow contrived to utter the words, "Thank you, sir," but they almost choked him.

"What is to become of Lucy?" he added. "You are not going to send her away with twenty-five pounds a year, are you, father?"

"Certainly not. Your sister will not cost me a single shilling. Miss Creech has undertaken to provide for her. I expect the lady down this evening. Mind you are very polite with her."

"Yes, sir."

"Not that you have anything to expect from that quarter. She has a horror of boys. As you will have to escort your sister and her to town, you had better pack up to-night. I have laid out my great coat; it was new only last winter, and will make you a very good one. Martha will give it to you."

Mr. Beacham rose from his chair, brushed his hat very carefully, and taking his cane from the corner, started for his usual walk.

Frank did not feel particularly delighted in hearing the manner Lucy was to be disposed of. He had a faint recollection of the lady, a short, stout, cob-built woman, who wore her hair a-crop and was exceedingly didactic in her conversation. She had visited his mother at Wraycourt when he was quite a child.

"It will not be very jolly for her," he thought; "but I will not dishearten her."

He had a long conversation with his sister, who informed him that Miss Creech lived at Hornsey; she had learnt that much; that Hornsey was near London, she did not exactly know how near, consequently they might frequently see each other.

In the course of the day Frank called at Mrs. Brierly's cottage to say good-bye to his friend.

"What," exclaimed the kind-hearted widow, when she heard of his intended departure, "leave home so soon? Poor boy—poor boy! Tom will miss you, and so shall I."

"Not more than I shall you," replied the youth, "I have no one else to regret."

"Not Lucy?" said his friend, reproachfully.

"Oh, Lucy is going too. Miss Creech has promised to take her."

It was Tom's turn to feel uncomfortable. "Miss Creech comes down for her tonight. I daresay you recollect her?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. Brierly. "And I have six months and eleven days to wait," ejaculated her son, "before I go up to London."

The two friends started for a walk round the village green, where they had so often played together. Not a tree or spot but recalled to their memory some boyish incident.

Life is a glorious thing when we have only such finger posts to mark its progress.

Instead of bidding Frank good-bye at the gate, Tom Brierly took the desperate resolution of accompanying him to the house. He could not let Lucy depart without saying a kind word to her. His heart felt so full he did not care whether he met Mr. Beacham or not. He had suddenly lost all fear of him.

"Why, they are coming to the house!" exclaimed the fair girl, who saw them from the window.

"And where's the harm, miss?" said Martha.

"What will papa say?"

"I am sure you need not mind what he says," observed the servant. "I don't. Poor, dear missus always said he was a gentle man, but handsome as as handsome does, that's my mother."

At any other time Lucy, no doubt, would be greatly shocked at hearing such opinions. Now, instead of thinking or replying to them, she left the house and joined the two youths in the garden.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, half out of breath.

"Never mind; father won't be back this hour."

"I hope you are not angry with me, Miss Beacham," said Tom Brierly, blushing, and looking very sheepish. "I know I am in trouble, but I could not help it. I did so want to say good-bye—God bless you."

"Thank you—thank you very kindly," replied the object of his boyish adoration.

"I would invite you in, only I know papa has a dislike to visitors. I hope we shall meet again."

"Meet again!" replied her brother; "of course you will. Why, he is coming to London in six months."

"And eleven days," interrupted his friend, manfully.

"What's a few days? I don't exactly know what I am going to do, but I am to be a lawyer. We will both of us work hard, and when we have made a fortune you shall come and keep house for us."

"That would be delightful," exclaimed Lucy.

"I should think it would," said Frank.

Twice did Lucy declare she must return to the house, and as often did her brother detain her, till evening was drawing in, and even he thought it best she should say good-bye to her companion.

"Ain't you going to kiss him?" he demanded, when he saw she only extended her hand to him.

The innocent girl extended her cheek to Tom Brierly without an instant hesitation. It was done in so childish a manner that prudery itself could not have found fault with her. Poor Tom, his heart beat wildly as he touched it humbly and reverently with his lips.

"Well!" ejaculated a voice, so near them that it caused the speakers to start.

A short, stout female, dressed in a Spencer and poke bonnet, had been watching for the last three or four minutes from the garden-gate.

Frank recognised her in an instant. It was Miss Creech. Her maid—one of Pharaoh's lean kind—stood behind her holding a carpet-bag.

Lucy felt too much terrified to move. Not that she suspected for an instant that she had done anything wrong. It was the dread of what her father would say should he hear of Tom's intrusion into the garden.

In case of difficulty and danger, presence of mind does sometimes dawn upon the most obtuse intellect. Frank Beacham had one of these inspirations. Without an instant's deliberation, he walked up to the lady and kissed her upon the cheek.

"Welcome, my dear madam," he said, "although you've come to a house of mourning."

"So it seems," observed the spinster, dryly.

"Hannah!" she added.

"Yes, miss," replied the waiting-maid.

"Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Never," answered the maid, emphatically.

"My sister," continued the youth, leading Lucy forwards. "We were just bidding farewell to a very dear friend—the play-fellow and companion of my youth. It is very hard to part, and our hearts were sorrowful."

Miss Creech, although exceedingly eccentric, was not naturally an unkind person. She believed there was no real distinction between the male and female mind, laid it all to the false system under which women were educated; found she had a mission to reform the world and was re-

solved to sacrifice time and fortune to effect it.

There was something in the pale, handsome countenance of the youth, the modest, gentle deportment of his sister, that considerably modified her first impression. The kiss Frank had given her might have had something to do with the change. We do not assert it had, but merely throw the suggestion to our female readers.

"So your name is Lucy?" she said.

"Yes, madam."

"Call me miss, if you please. I detest imposture. No brevet rank for me."

"Yes, miss."

"Well, my dear, it has been an odd introduction, but never mind. I daresay we shall be none the worse friends. You need not look so frightened. Frank has more courage."

"Frank is a boy, you know."

"And what has that to do with it?" demanded Miss Creech. "If you had said he had been differently educated, I should have understood you. I suppose you are accomplished?"

"Not in the least."

"Glad to hear it. The less to forget," said the old maid. "And pray, sir," she added, turning to Tom Brierly with a magisterial air, "who are you?"

"Tom—Frank's friend, madam."

"Miss, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, miss."

"That will do. Take off your cap, sir."

Tom, wondering what next was to follow, silently obeyed.

"Hannah!"

"Yes, miss."

"Feel his head."

The waiting-maid dropped the carpet-bag, deliberately drew off her gloves, and began thrusting her long, bony fingers through the hair of the astonished youth.

"Commerce and business, large," she said.

"Humph!"

"Individuality, large."

"Ah!"

"Comparison, moderate."

"Proceed," said the mistress.

"Secretiveness, small."

"Good!"

"Combateness, fully developed."

"One has need of it in this wicked world."

"Amativeness and philoprogenitiveness."

"That will do, Hannah," interrupted Miss Creech. "There is no occasion to proceed any further. You may put on your cap again, young gentleman."

Although Tom felt perfectly convinced the lady was mad, he respectfully obeyed her.

"And now, my dear," added the eccentric visitor, placing her short, fat arm in that of Lucy's, "we will go to the house, if you please. It is my opinion," she added, turning to Frank, "that you may safely make a friend of that young man. His developments are good."

"I am sure his heart is," observed the youth, quickly.

"Heart! Nonsense! A mere forcing-pump to keep the blood in circulation. Brain—brain, sir, is everything. After tea Hannah shall manipulate yours."

"And is Mr. Beacham really going to trust your sister with that madwoman?" demanded Tom Brierly, in a useful tone.

"Pooh! Miss Creech is not mad!" interrupted his friend.

"Unpleasantly like it."

"Only very scientific, and so clever. I once heard my poor dear mother acknowledge that even my father was no match for her. She has published several political pamphlets and books on education; is a great phrenologist and metaphysician. She may make her as learned as herself."

"Better let her alone," observed his friend.

Frank thought so, too, but did not care to enter into an explanation that must have exposed the heartless, selfish nature of his father.

## CHAPTER IX.

THERE is no school like diplomacy for training the heart to conceal all real feelings, for accustoming the visage to wear a mask, for involving truth in such a maze of words that it is almost impossible to discover its whereabouts. In a word, for making the straight path crooked, and the crooked one straight. In this very questionable school Edward Berrington, either as pupil or master, passed the greater portion of his life, and, what was more to be regretted, believed and practiced its teachings. Doubt, when judging even the most innocent actions, held the balance, and mistrust was made the weight.

No wonder if the scale inclined to the evil side.

It is a shortsighted philosophy which, perceiving only the shadows of human nature, pronounces it to be darkness, too. Had he, as a husband ought to have done, questioned Clara respecting the letter, the probabilities are she would have satisfied him, explained everything, and dissipated his suspicions. But no; such a proceeding would have been too simple and straightforward for so very diplomatic a personage;



he wanted to discover a key to the mystery, and not being able to find it himself, cunningly, as he thought, employed a detective to rick the lock.

On her return to Wraycourt, the countenance of the jealous man betrayed no signs of the fierce passions that were brooding in his heart; it was paler than usual, but was attributed to fatigue by the unsuspecting wife, whose heart felt gratified by the unusual warmth and kindness of his manner.

As our readers will perceive, the mask fitted admirably.

His sister, who thought she knew her brother well, was puzzled at a line of conduct so different from the one she anticipated. She could not understand the change which had taken place in his feelings, and questioned him privately upon the subject.

"I have reflected," he replied, "that it is just possible appearances may be explained."

Miss Berrington smiled incredulously. "And am resolved to wait and watch," he continued, "patiently. You can understand what this decision is with me. We must neither of us by word or look put Clara upon her guard. To warn would be to forewarn her."

"I will do anything you wish," answered the hypocrite; "but are I hope this disgrace may be avoided?"

"It may."

"The ridicule! Forgive the word, Edward, but you know how pitiless the world is."

"It shall never have the laugh against me," observed her brother, hoarsely. "In the morning I expect a person whose experience I can rely upon to assist me in the investigation. He comes to Wraycourt ostensibly as a landscape gardener. It will account for his being about the grounds in all places and at all hours, but you will understand his real character. And now," he added, "having told you this much, you must question me no further."

The following day, Mr. Paul—the Lynx was suppressed for the occasion—made his appearance at the old manor house. He had rooms to himself, and during the first week of his residence maintained a semi-professional, dignified reserve towards the steward, merely nodding his head or smiling as he listened to his suggestions for the improvement of the grounds.

But for the plans, ostentatiously spread upon the table, the theodolite, and case of mathematical instruments, part of the surroundings, Mr. Banks would have pronounced him an impostor.

"How long is it since you saw the Penquillys, Clara?" demanded her husband, as they were seated at breakfast.

"Not since the ball," replied his wife.

"I think you ought to call upon them; the drive will do you good. I cannot accompany you myself, having promised Mr. Paul to walk over the grounds with him."

"I hope you will not let him alter the mase, nor the old terrace garden," observed Mrs. Berrington.

"Certainly not, if you object to it."

"Thank you, Edward. It is very kind of you to consult my wishes."

"Whose should he consult?" said the hypocritical sister-in-law. Shall I accompany you to the Penquillys?"

"With pleasure."

"At what hour will you order the carriage?"

"It was no longer her brother's carriage, her brother's horses, or her brother's servants."

"At three. Will it suit you?"

"Oh, perfectly. My time is yours."

Had Clara known more of the world, she must have suspected a motive for all this affectionate kindness, but guileless herself, she divined no ill in others.

The arrangements were hardly made before Dr. Bray called. Since the memorable walk he had been a frequent visitor at the house, where his warm, genial manner made him a favorite, especially with its mistress, when she discovered that he was an old friend of her father's.

"Did your ears tingle very much, Mrs. Berrington," he inquired, laughingly, "last night?"

"Not that I recollect."

"They ought, then, or there is no truth in the old proverb. I was speaking of you—answering all kinds of questions."

"And who might have been the very anxious person?" asked the ex-diplomat, shifting the newspaper to hide the involuntary contraction of his brow.

"Thank you, Miss Berrington, I will take a cup of tea," said the doctor. "Who was it? Guess."

"Can't," replied Clara.

"Guess, Mr. Berrington."

There was a slight rustling of the paper.

"My brother is not good at riddles," observed the sister. "Was it a lady or a gentleman?"

Mr. Berrington appeared to have suddenly lost all interest in the conversation, and his countenance gradually reappeared above the newspaper.

"Miss Gurtha Bouchier," continued the visitor, "your father's nearest relative."

"And most bitter enemy," said Clara.

"Miss Bouchier is not exactly an enemy of your father's," replied Dr. Bray, "and most certainly not of yours. She saw you

at the ball, and felt desirous of being introduced to you."

"I am very happy she did not succeed in doing so; it would have marred one of the pleasantest evenings I have known. What is the matter, Edward?" added the speaker, as her husband crushed the journal in his hand and cast it into the verandah.

"Never mind him, my dear madam," said the physician. "Politics!—politics! I thought how that leader would disgust you when I read it this morning as I drove along."

"It has indeed, disgusted me," muttered the unhappy man.

"So it did me, but I did not throw it out of the carriage window," observed the doctor. "I declare you are quite frightened, Mrs. Berrington."

"Forgive me, Clara," said her husband, glad of the excuse suggested. "The leader certainly did provoke me"—the hypocrite had not even read it. "I must give up politics," he added, with a forced smile, "and attend to my improvements. Will you come and give me your opinion, doctor?"

"Not worth having, my dear sir; could not advise on the planting of a cabbage garden, scarcely tell an oak from a beech. Besides, I prefer the society of the ladies."

"You appear strangely misinformed, Mrs. Berrington," observed the speaker, half an hour later, when they were walking together upon the lawn in front of the house, "on certain points in your family history. It is time you were enlightened. Miss Gurtha Bouchier is not the implacable person you imagine. Her father and your grandfather entered into a compact for the marriage of their children, who were both young at the time. Many reasons conspired to make the arrangement a wise one. In the first place it would have united the estates; in the second, terminate the abeyance of the barony of Eastcott which both branches claimed, although I always consider my friend Alwyn had the best right to it."

"One link, as I have heard, alone was wanting to prove it," said Clara, with a sigh of regret, not for the loss of the title, which, being a barony in fee, she would have inherited, but the ruin it had entailed upon her parent. "Those wicked lawyers took a cruel advantage, and—"

"Abuse them as much as you please, my dear," interrupted the doctor, dryly. "I am not going to defend them—had a Chancery suit myself. Still it does strike me that, one link broken, the chain of evidence sunders as completely as if the fracture were a compound one, and extended to a dozen."

"Yes, I think I can understand that."

"When your father came of age, he married your mother without offering one word of explanation, I believe for breaking a contract to which he did not consider himself a party. Still it was unwise, and his cousin, woman like, resented it."

"We are not the masters of our affections," replied his hearer.

"I suppose not," said Dr. Bray, musingly. "Good thing if we were, for they sometimes run away with the judgment, and play the very deuce with it. Affections," he repeated; "disease—pathology unknown; but pardon me, I am becoming professional. It would be perfectly useless, continued the speaker, "were I to attempt to explain to you the details of the legal proceedings; never could understand them myself. Your father claimed the title; Miss Gurtha Bouchier opposed his claim; and after years of litigation, my poor old friend found himself a ruined man, his estate mortgaged for law costs."

"Which were paid?"

"All but his cousin's."

"This then, explains why my dear father does not come openly to England," exclaimed Clara. "And I mentally accused my husband of coldness in his invitations to him. To what fatal errors may not one unjust suspicion lead!"

"He would have nothing to fear from his relatives," observed her companion; "of that I feel assured. But tell me, do you expect him? I should like once more to press him by the hand."

Mrs. Berrington appeared so confused by the question that the speaker did not repeat it.

"Miss Bouchier would like to make your acquaintance," he said, adroitly changing the subject. "There can be no impropriety in your doing so."

"Not the slightest—that is, I think not."

"You will meet her, then?"

"I should like to consult my father on the affair first."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Dr. Bray. "Poverty is sensitive, but my old friend Alwyn must be much changed if he objects. When shall I know your determination?"

"Oh, soon—very soon," answered Clara, with a smile.

"Her father is coming privately to England," thought the physician, as he drove back from Wraycourt. "He must long to see the place again before he dies—to embrace his child. What could have induced her to accept a fellow like Berrington? He always gives me the idea of a badly painted

picture exquisitely varnished—prejudice, I suppose. She appears happy—placidly happy with him. It was an ugly story, though, the scene at the dinner table."

Although he did not choose to explain it, it was Clara's spirited conduct on the occasion that first gave her relative a desire to make her acquaintance. The wealthy old spiriter was every inch of her a Bruchier.

The Right Hon. Edward Berrington saw his wife and sister depart to call upon the Penquillys with a feeling of intense satisfaction. He had counted the hours, nay, almost the minutes, to the time, and long before the carriage could have passed the gates of his own park, was in Clara's dressing-room, accompanied by the detective.

"Here," he muttered, hoarsely, pointing to a small Indian desk upon the table.

"Had we not better lock the door first?" suggested Lynx.

"No—no!"

"It will be more prudent."

The unhappy man colored deeply. For the first time in his life he was about to commit an action delicacy and honor revolted at. No wonder he felt self degraded.

"You authorize me to do it?"

"Yes. Why such a question?"

"Merely a form," replied the man: "nothing more. None but a husband can give a legal authority for picking the lock of his wife's desk, and I like to be on the safe side. Besides," he continued, "it looks well on being cross examined by counsel for defence, should it come to trial."

This matter of fact, business like explanation, the allusion also to a trial, wrung the proud heart of his employer with deep, unutterable anguish. He could only point to the desk a second time, and falter the half stifled word—

"Proceed!"

Mr. Lynx drew a bunch of small keys skeleton oars—from his pocket, placed the desk between his knees, and commenced operations with a most business like air. Evidently it was not the first time he had used them. Had the mind of Mr. Berrington been less upon the stretch of expectancy, a curious question might have suggested itself—how he obtained his dexterity.

"There!" he said, with a smile of satisfaction, as he raised the lid; "not a fracture. Here it is."

The jealous husband, with feverish impatience, began to examine the contents. There were but five letters; all, save one, had foreign postmarks. He knew they came from Mr. Bouchier, and passed them carelessly over.

"Have you found anything, sir?"

The right hon. gentleman had discovered the one he sought, and every word of its contents became burnt upon his brain as he perused it.

It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR CLARA.—Your letter respecting your husband and his precious sister has quieted my worst apprehensions. Still, I must see you again—hold you in my arms once more. I can meet you without the slightest danger of discovery. You may trust to my prudence and the fidelity of those who serve me. Take great care of your health. Remember, we must have a boy. I think I see you smile at the clever manner in which I have disguised my hand writing. It is so well-known in the neighborhood thought it best to be careful. I do not even think you could have recognised it. Adieu, pet. I think about Thursday I shall return again."

"Found more than he bargained for," thought the detective, when he saw the thick drops of perspiration stand on the forehead of Mr. Berrington. "Well, I should not have judged it from looking at her. But there, women are all alike, I suppose."

This was a natural conclusion, perhaps, for a man to arrive at, whose business had been for years to investigate the dark side of human nature. Such a person resembles the vain-glorious astronomer who, in the pride of discovering spots upon the surface of the sun, ignores the splendor of its brightness.

"You are not going to take it away, sir!" he exclaimed aloud, when he saw that his employer was about to put the fatal letter in his pocket.

"And why not?" demanded the gentleman, fiercely.

"What, remove the nest egg?"

Evidently his hearer did not understand him.

"If the lady misses the letter it will put her upon her guard, all further communications will be destroyed. The party will be warned."

"True, true! I must reflect."

"It needs no reflection," urged Mr. Lynx, in a professional tone. "There is but one way, sir, in dealing with these cases; trust to my experience."

With a strong effort, the wretched man, wretched through his own folly, not that we are quite justifying his wife—mastered his agony, and replaced the letters just as he had found them.

"Now lock it."

"Had not I better read it first?" suggested the detective.

If a look could have annihilated him, he

would never have spoken again, so fierce was the one with which the suggestion was received. Mr. Lynx understood it, and quietly relocked the desk.

It was in the solitude of his own chamber, where no one could see him, nor even listen to his ravings, that Edward Berrington gave way to the rage that consumed him. In his mad wrath, he crushed his innocent wife, the day on which he first beheld her, the hour that made her his. The young mother and her unborn child were included in the same malediction. A hundred projects of revenge for his supposed injuries flitted like ghastly phantoms through his excited imagination—each more terrible than the one which preceded it. At one moment he thought of proclaiming his wife's infamy—his own dishonor, and calling Sir Ernest Alston to account; the next, of obtaining a divorce before the birth of the child he no longer believed to be his.

Then the ridicule! The shame of the exposure made him pause.

"Divorce!" he repeated. "No, the seducer would marry her."

This reflection decided him.

"She will soon return," he muttered. "The traitress must find me calm. She shall not see my misery—make merry with it to her paramour. I will dissemble, too—dress my face in smiles as deceitful as her own. I have heard of men smiling on the rack," he added, as he contemplated his haggard features in the mirror. "I believe it now. The rack! What are its pangs compared with the agonies of a dishonored husband outraged in that which is more sensitive than life—the very soul of life? My name—the name of my honest father," he proceeded in an ironical tone, "the name thought sufficiently distinguished to represent my sovereign, is not illustrious enough for a child of men. It is to be called Bouchier, and my fortune is to support the impostor."

He laughed bitterly.

"Bouchier!" he repeated. "I will make the name the opprobrium of all who hear it."

There is nothing like good hard exercise to cool the fever of the blood, subdue the wild emotions of the heart, and curb the brain's misgivings. Edward Berrington knew this, felt that at the present moment, despite the teachings of the school in which he had been trained, the resolutions he had vowed, it would be unsafe to meet the woman he believed had dishonored him. So he quitted the old manor house, and plunged into the remotest recess of the park, where he had no other witness to his ravings and maniacal gestures than the startled deer, who fled at his approach. If any of the laborers upon the estate saw him, they, too, turned aside, wondering, perhaps, what could make the owner of many broad acres look so haggard and wild, and toss his arms about so furiously.

They wouldn't dun it, not they, if they had haddn his money.

When Clara returned from the drive, it wanted but half an hour to the first dinner-bell, so she hastened to her room to dress, and found the old housekeeper waiting to speak with her.

"Now, what is it, Gooddings?" said her young mistress. "I am very much pressed."

"Shall I put back the—"

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Berrington. "Your master doesn't like to be kept waiting. Is it anything particular?"

The housekeeper glanced at the waiting-maid.

"You may go, Jane," said the speaker. "Gooddings will assist me. Now, what is it?" she added, as soon as they were left alone.

"You expect a visitor on Thursday night, my dear young lady?"

"Yes, but how did you know it?"

Strange to say, there was no blush, no embarrassment in the countenance of Clara as she asked the question. Could her husband and sister have seen it they would have pronounced her hardened indeed.

"I have had a note from—"

"Be very careful!"

"You need not doubt my discretion. I was born in the place. My mother was housekeeper before me, and I know more of the ins and outs of Wraycourt than any person living, except your dear father!"

"Yes, he always spoke of you as one whom I might confide in."

"I would lay down my life for a Bouchier," observed the aged domestic. "But it was not to tell you that which caused me to intrude. It was to warn you."

"Warn me?"

"Yes; not to be frightened if you find the visitor we were speaking of in your dressing room on Thursday evening."

"Will it not be imprudent?"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear young lady. I could introduce a dozen persons into the house, and no one a whit the wiser. It will be much better than meeting him in the old vinery. That Mr Paul is continually about. I meet him in every corner of the house, prying, and peering, and poking. I don't like the man at all. He looks a good deal more like a spy than a gardener."

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## ENGLAND'S OLD HOMES.

IN "Early English" period was supposed properly to the cover Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman times. The Mediaeval period may be placed about 1200 to 1500 the Renaissance, 1500 to 1600. The modern time must be defined as extending from 1700 to 1800. In its natural and general sense, furniture means movables—property easily transported from place to place, as distinguished from a house and land. It has been pointed out that the first articles which began to furnish and make homelike the stronghold of the settler were hutches or chests to contain smaller goods—clothes, money, linen or whatever stores he possessed—or convert them in case of flight or removal. Chests, with painted scenes on a gold ground, date from about the eleventh century. Leather chests, bound with iron bands, and painted also, have a remote pedigree.

Like dress, furniture is a kind of progressive chronicle; the art applied to it blossomed out with every pause, following each other step on step. After tools and weapons, the hutch, or chest, bedstead, bench and chair were the first decorated objects in furniture. The walls, the dais, last of all the ceiling, were next furnished with decoration, which could be easily supplied or removed, such as tapestry, canopies and mats under the feet. Along with the walls, in "places of worship" held secure, such as the House of God and the house of a great lord, the windows were decorated as a matter of course, being part of the wall. Colored glass was used for this purpose as early as the sixth century.

They loved color, the English people, though they were not particular about having it quite clean. In the fourteenth century a good deal of luxury was common in "worthy" houses. The cupboard, once as simple as the table, a plank on trestles, had become stationary and sprouted more shelves, carved and painted in the rich Gothic hangings and dresses. Etiquette began to order the chamber and basin, ewer, candle light, and dishes of pewter or silver, (there was no china,) cups and knives, these were the minor furniture which the artists made beautiful whenever they had the chance. The bed of Edward III.'s time, had become grand, at least, on those occasions of festive ostentation, when ladies of position "received" after the birth of a child.

The dais, furnished with a bench of honor to accommodate the most important person or persons present, was the main feature of a Mediaeval room. All the household glory centred on the dais. The best hangings were hung above and behind it. Below, benches accommodated both stranger and household. If a carpet adorned the dais, the rest of the room was strewn with straw. The benches were cushioned when necessary, and then the "board!" Dirty, indeed, if not malodorous! The "little bounds" growled over the bigger bones thrown beneath the lesser ones, fish bones, &c., being left upon the cloth or removed on the sodden "trenchers" of hard bread. The hawk brought by guests, sat hooded on the perch at one end of the room, and under foot the muffled sound of horses stamping in the stable beneath bore a fitful accompaniment to the mournful jingle of the minstrel's harp.

Dinner over, and the board lifted, the noble company, or such as were neither excited nor stupid from the meal, danced, men and ladies holding each other by the finger, or sang, or some love story is related, with a solemn refrain now and then, like a Gregorian chant; while the maidens ply the ceaseless distaff which hinders no jest or tender sigh. Presently the "storied walls" are lighted only by the flaring torches stuck in brackets and the great yellow candles, and on the table dormant the chess-boards of malachite and crystal, of gold and ivory, are set for the eager players. This sobers all; it is well if "check" and "mate," spoken by bearded or by rosy lips, leads to no mischief as the night wears on, and the white moon sends a beam through the rich panes across the murky atmosphere.

Of course, in inferior houses life was still pretty rough; but in taking the history of furniture as a chronicle of progress we naturally turn to the castles of the pioneers of luxury—the rich. About this time the increased demand of a growing population for furniture is suggested by the subdivisions in the names of artisans, and its progress since is easily traced.

REFINEMENT.—Refinement is not fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of good and happiness which it has at command. Loudness or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surrounding—whether palatial, affluent, or humble—the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained. M. S.

Monkeys can be taught to use tools.

## FEMALE SOLDIERS.

THE Elector of Bavaria, who died in 1736, left several natural children, one of whom was a daughter named Maximilla de Leithorst. Her parents seem to have been neglectful to her, but the girl's character was resolute. She dressed as a man, calling herself Baron de Halden. Afterward she went to Vienna, and enlisted as a soldier in the Imperial army. She served seven years, and only during a sickness was her sex discovered. She became a lieutenant and was dismissed from the service with a life pension. She dressed in male attire until her death, in 1748.

Leonora Prohaska fell in an engagement September 16 1813 a bullet having pierced her breast. When she felt that she was dying she revealed to her comrade that she was a woman, and that her name was Leonora Prohaska and not Charles Rens. Her friend, Caroline Peters, known as Charles Peterson, was more fortunate. She participated in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, was decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross on account of her bravery, and was honorably discharged from the army at the end of the war, when she declared her sex. She was afterward married to the captain of an English trading vessel.

The life of Mary Ann Talbot, a natural daughter of the Earl of Talbot, was one of remarkable adventure. Born in London on February 2, 1778, she was well educated at the expense of her father. When only about fourteen she was induced to run away from school by a Captain Bowen. She went with his regiment to the West Indies; served afterwards as a drummer at the siege of Valenciennes, where the captain was killed, and the intrepid girl left friendless. She contrived to reach the coast, and shipped as a boy on board a French privateer. This vessel was captured by one of the ships of Lord Howe's fleet, and the opportunity being open to her, Mary Talbot entered the British navy. She served in many actions, was several times a prisoner of war, and finally, in 1796, when suffering from a shattered leg, was commissioned a midshipman and discharged. Subsequently, Queen Charlotte granted her a pension of \$100. When recovered of her wounds she came to America, working her way hither as steward of a merchant ship, on board of which, it is said, she was obliged to reveal her sex in order to repel the advances of the captain's daughter. After a long absence, little being known of her exploits in the meantime, she again appeared in London. From this point her subsequent life was one of great wretchedness and poverty, and she was frequently in Newgate undergoing imprisonment for debt. Out of prison she assumed a variety of characters, being sailor, actress, pedler, and footpad by turns. The date of her death is unknown.

SHADOW PANTOMIME.—To set a shadow pantomime at a Christmas party, a very simple contrivance alone is necessary. A sheet stretched across a pair of folding doors is all that is required. A strong light is placed behind this on the ground, about six or eight feet from the sheet, and the lights in the room, where the spectators are sitting, lowered. The plot of a pantomime can be soon concocted; it should be written in rhyme to make it the more effective, and the action sung or recited as the actors appear. A pair of lovers should come on; the male lover should go through the action of throwing kisses, embracing, then attempting to kiss the lady; she is coy, and will not let him; he throws himself upon his knees. While this love-making is going on, the old father enters, shaking stick at them; he retires, fetching old woman. Both shake sticks, and seize girl. The lover jumps over lamp, and disappears in the air. Rich baron comes on, with long nose; he kneels at girl's feet; she slaps his face. Mother and father pantomime that girl must wed him. Baron rises to take her hand. Lover jumps back over lamp, lies down behind canon. Girl gives baron a push; he falls over lover. Lover leaps up, kisses hand of girl. Old man going to hit him as he jumps over lamp again, hits baron on the nose, knocking it off. Chair brought in. Pantomime ceremony of sticking nose on again. Lover jumps back over lamp, as though he had come from the clouds; steals nose, and jumps back over lamp, spreading out his hands as though flying up in the air. Consternation of all; baron runs away. Lover appears again. Father and mother give consent to their union. A dance, and each in turn jumps over lamp and disappears. A host of comic situations could soon be resolved upon for such a shadow pantomime as the above. Many old popular songs could also readily be depicted in shadow while one of the company sang the words.

A gentleman having a severe cold, said to his wife, "I have to day been told to take hot teas—pennyroyal tea, barley tea, baked lemon tea, beef tea, curry tea, hop tea, celery tea, liquorice tea, red pepper tea, and other teas. 'Well,' said the wife, 'which will you take?' 'If you have no objections, said he, 'I will take the hot gin sling.'"

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BRUSHES.—The immunity of Europeans in India from snake bites is largely attributable to their dress. A snake in striking at the trousered leg of an European mistakes the folds of the cloth for the offending substance, and strikes accordingly, while the man rarely gives the reptile an opportunity of repeating the experiment.

A LIVING CURE.—A famous work on "The Utilization of Minute Life," contains the following paragraph with reference to those familiar insects, ladybirds: They secrete from their legs when captured an acrid yellow fluid, having a disagreeable odor. It is doubtless to this fluid that they owe their property of curing the most violent toothache when they are placed alive in the hollow part of the tooth.

BREAD, CHEESE AND ALK.—One of the old customs of London now abolished was on Sunday, after Divine service, the annual ceremony of throwing bread and cheese out of Paddington church steeple, and giving of alk. This custom was established by two women, who purchased five acres of land to the above use, in commemoration of the particular charity whereby they had been relieved when in extreme necessity.

THE ROSE.—As the beauty and odor of this flower caused it to be dedicated to Venus, it after reverted to the Virgin, whose chapels are ever redolent of rosy offerings, and her image generally adorned with them. In almost every country flowers have formed the fitting ornaments of brides; and lilies, with spotted corollas, and golden tongues, white roses, the fragrant jasmine, and the orange blossom, have been the favorite materials for them.

TEST FOR PRIESTHOOD.—Marco Polo, the great traveler, relates that when a young man sought to become a priest in the monasteries, among the Hindoos, he was subjected to a very amusing trial. On arriving at the monasteries, the fairest young girls belonging to it came forward to meet him, and gathering around him, overwhelmed him with kisses and embraces. The old priests, meanwhile, stood by and keenly watched him. If he betrayed any pleasure at the caresses of the girls, he was at once rejected and sent into the outer world again; but if he submitted to them coldly, and with unmoved countenance, he was admitted to the priesthood.

TARTAR MEDICINE.—The Tartar physicians, or Lama doctors, if they do not happen to have any medicine with them, are by no means disconcerted, for they merely write the name of the remedy they wish to give on a little scrap of paper, moisten this with the saliva, roll it up into a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat with the same perfect confidence as he would swallow, assafoetida, or any other remedy. To allow the name of the remedy, or to take the medicine itself, say the Tartar physicians, comes to precisely the same thing. If paper is not at hand, the name of the drug is written with clay or chalk upon a board, which is then washed off, and the patient swallows the liquid.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle of the forefinger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

GERMAN STREET SCENES.—Travelers find the street scenes in German towns peculiar and noticeable. Single cows and oxen are harnessed and worked like horses. One is surprised at the large size and physical strength of the women, who seem to perform the principal portion of the physical labor; while those of their husbands not permanently engaged in smoking and beer-drinking are either soldiers or policemen. Girls and dogs are harnessed together into milk carts, and horses are harnessed to a single pole, in place of being between two shafts. The women, as a rule, are not beautiful, or even comely. Undoubtedly there are pretty Marguerites, hidden away somewhere, with their long braids of blonde hair, but they certainly do not much abound. On the other hand, there are to be found very few beggars or drunken people. An air of thrift surrounds one on all sides.

"Moonbeam" is the poetical name for a soft silver green color.

Wallack's Theatre, N. Y.  
MR. KISS: Dear Sir—On application, I find your Face Powder to be all you claim for it, and consider it a valuable addition to the toilet.  
Respectfully,  
MAUDE GRANGER.

## Scientific and Useful.

TO WELD CAST STEEL.—Take a piece of borax powder and moisten it with water; then scum and prepare your steel in the same manner as you would iron; dip your steel into the damp borax occasionally while heating, which will cause it to fuse before it starts that heat which will burn the steel; and when at the point of fusion it will weld the same as iron.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.—The question is often asked, "What is the velocity of electricity?" or "How long does electricity take to go across the Atlantic Ocean?" It requires from one to three seconds. One second after the first contact, the current will reach about half the final strength, and after about three seconds the full strength. The current does not arrive all at once like a bullet, but grows gradually from a minimum to a maximum.

HINTS.—To make good black harness varnish, digest twelve parts of shellac, white turpentine, five parts gum sandarach, two parts lampblack, one part with spirits of turpentine, four parts; and alcohol, ninety-six parts. A small cartridge of dynamite, exploded on the surface of a board, will effectually break it into small fragments easy of removal. To remove old putty from window frames, pass a red hot poker slowly over it and it will come off easily.

WALL DECORATIONS.—Sheets of veneer are now produced so large and thin that they can be used in place of wall paper, by simply being glued against the wall. In order to make them, a round log two or three feet long is placed in a lathe and slowly revolved, while a sharp knife of the length of the log is so placed and firmly supported as to cut like a plane, cutting a thin film from the circumference of the log, which film rolls up at the same time it leaves the knife. In this way veneers of mahogany, black walnut, &c., have been made, giving the rooms an appearance far superior in solidity to papered walls.

VARNISHED WOOD.—If varnished work becomes discolored, and begins to show white spots, take equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine, put them in a vessel, shake till thoroughly incorporated, and then pour in small quantities on a soft cloth, and apply to the spots. Repeat till the color is restored, and then with another clean soft cloth wipe the mixture off carefully. In deeply carved furniture, if the dust has settled so as to be difficult to remove, use first a stiff-haired paint brush to get out as much of the dust as possible before using the wet sponge; then roll the sponge up in the hand, and rub it into the carving two or three times; rinse, and rub dry with the chamamois, and finish off by wrapping the dry skin over the ivory needle, and drying every damp place in the carving.

HEADACHE.—The administration of a brisk purgative, or small doses of epsom salts, three times a day, is the most effectual remedy for frontal headache when associated with constipation; but if the bowels be regular the morbid processes on which it depends seem to be checked, and the headache removed even more effectually, by nitro-muriatic acid, diluted, 15 drops in a wineglass of water, or bicarbonate of soda, 15 grains, in water, before meals. If the headache be immediately above the eyebrows, the acid is best; but if it be a little higher up, just where the hair begins, the soda appears to be the most effectual. At the same time that the headache is removed, the feeling of sleepiness and weariness, which frequently leads the patient to complain that they rise up more tired than they lie down, generally disappears.

## Farm and Garden.

EARLY ROSES.—The *Gardener's Monthly* has discovered that mulching roses in pots with common moss mixed with a good portion of bone dust, say one part bone dust to thirty of moss, has a wonderful effect in bringing forth early roses.

PRESERVATION OF POTATOES.—To prevent potatoes from germinating, soak them for a quarter of an hour in a solution containing one tenth of its weight of common salt. When taken out of the solution and placed on the ground they dry quickly, becoming covered with a light saline pellicle.

Pigs.—Pigs for the greatest profit should come about the opening of spring, with its fresh grass and warm sunshine; they can then be ready for the market by fall, and very few risks will be run. For this end sows should be bred in December or January. Young hogs are the most profitable, born in spring and marketed in the fall.

CANARY BIRDS.—An old German breeder of canaries, who he suspected that a bird was troubled with parasites, would cover the cage over night with a piece of cotton flannel, the soft side down. In the morning the insects would be found gathered upon the flannel, which was scolded and ready to use again.

CARE OF PLANTS.—To water hanging plants partly, plunge the basket into a tub of water, and let the earth soak; after dripping has entirely ceased, they may be restored to their places. Plants ought to be covered with a cloth or newspapers when sweeping is being done. Smooth and thick-leaved plants, as ivy, can be sponged, which will add to their health and beauty.

THE MANURE HEAP.—It would be much better to have the manure piled up under a shed, than exposed to the weather. Manure, to keep well, must be either packed by treading to exclude the air, or kept so moist that fermentation will not become violent and burn the heap. If exposed to rain, much of value leaches out, and is lost. If kept under cover, there should be a tank at the lowest point, covered with rails, or a grating where liquids can settle, and be pumped up over the heap again. Add fresh water, if necessary, to secure moisture enough to prevent rotting.

THE GARDEN.—The common idea among farmers, that manure and labor spent on the garden is nearly thrown away, is absurd. The cultivated field pays just as we invest labor and manure upon it. The garden, with more thorough cultivation, and a greater variety of crops, pays still better. It brings its offering to the table, in some shape, every day in the year. As the frost comes out of the ground in the early spring, it yields horse radish, artichokes, and parsnips. With the first genial days of April and May, it gives you pie-plant and asparagus, etc., etc.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1881.

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## THE "POST" FOR 1881.

The Post wishes each and all of its readers a Happy New Year! and assures them it will do what it can to make the wish a reality. The task, however, is a pleasant one, and we begin it with the best of heart.

The Post has always sought to meet the demand for good literature, and is offering a paper specially fitted for the home and fire-side, performed its simple duty. This course has gained the warmest commendation in the continued friendship of our older patrons, and in making thousands of new ones.

In the future, therefore, as in the past, it shall be our constant object to maintain, and, if possible, surpass the excellence that has marked our pages. The utmost care will continue to be exercised on all that enters the columns of the Post. While our aim will be to render our fiction of the highest interest as such, nothing flashy or sensational will be allowed. In character, tone, sentiment, language and principle the line of the best only will bound our efforts. Everything that fails to satisfy in these qualities will be rigidly excluded.

In our miscellaneous, editorial, and departmental matter the same rules will prevail. The most entertaining essays, instructive information, and valuable hints procurable, it will be our sole object to furnish. But at the same time the necessity of its convenient and interesting presentation—the mingling of the useful with the pleasant—will never be lost sight of.

By adhering to these rules, by giving the newest and best, by utilizing all opportunities for the improvement of our pages, we hope to continue the Post what it has long been acknowledged—the leading family journal of America.

## LADY HUTTON'S WARD.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that in this number of the Post we have begun the publication of another serial by the

talented author of "From Scream to Sunlight," "Lord Lynne's Choice," "Weaker than a Woman," etc., etc. There is no writer in the language who possesses in a higher degree the best qualities of fiction, and "LADY HUTTON'S WARD" will be found equal to anything heretofore produced. When we say that it is in every way the peer of those that have preceded it in our columns, we bestow the highest possible praise. That our readers will find it so we are assured.

## NEW YEAR'S.

THE NEW YEAR is begun, and its coming opens a new chapter in all our lives. Even those who have passed through many new years, can hardly regard the time without some additional interest. As years go on, our lives become full of anniversaries; and, whether we take note of them or not outwardly, we are conscious of their presence. Happy is it for us if these anniversaries mark on the whole the occurrence of pleasant events, or the memories of good thoughts and deeds!

Not only defined anniversaries recall special past events, but they are of use to suggest the beginning of a new course—that fresh start which is to make our race in life a success, not a failure—that "turning over of the new leaf" which is to help to bring about a fair writing on each new page. Birthdays are favorite times for such "fresh starts," and the beginning of a New Year is a sort of general birthday, when everyone has a marked time, the occurrence of which may well justify the beginning of something new,—is a time when we give a thought to what we leave behind, and look forward to what is coming.

For ourselves, what has the past year done? This must be for each of us the most intimate and most profoundly interesting question of all. Has it given us health and prosperity? Has it brought "the friend and the true, true love?" Has it been full of incident and bustle and life, or has it brought days of pain and nights of weariness? Has its portion been poverty, and has it carried away on its black wings some friend dearer than life, some heart's-beloved whose absence darkens all our day? Whatever may have been our lot, we cannot but think of it as we sit waiting for the joy-bells of the New Year to clash out on the frosty air. Then we turn and look forward to ask, What is the New Year bringing? What will come to the nations—to our work—to our friends? All these thoughts float past. But, supreme above all and most pressing, comes the question, What does it hold for us? Is it life or death—is it success or failure—is it love or loneliness, that lies waiting for us behind the slowly opening gates? Who can tell? We can but wait. In quietness and in confidence is our strength. Such gifts of happiness as may be for us we shall receive with willing hands and glad hearts; such pain and sorrow and longing as may come we shall strive meekly to bear. For all who read these words we wish good wishes; we desire for them a Happy New Year! We are sure that the supreme Disposer of our years will bestow upon them that which will be best for them. May they feel it to be so!

## SANCTUM CHAT.

JUVENILE societies for the protection of animals are being established in some of the public schools in New York.

CHILDREN'S gardens have just been established at Amsterdam for the reception between school hours of working people's children, and have proved highly successful.

An English writer remarks that in late years improved educational maxims in the schools have been followed by improved methods in the kennels, and that dogs as well as human beings have been trained better through kindness than through terror.

A CONCERN has been started in London, as the "British Boot Repairing Association, Limited," which is in full blast, with any number of hammers hacking away for every passer by to behold. It is worked on the plan of gathering, through agents in every town, all the old shoes in the neighborhood and sending them on to London, whence they will be returned mended. The only thing suspicious about the concern is

is the sounding title, which would be a little more modest if it went as the "Cobblers' Company." It flourishes financially.

THAT the old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day for traveling still keeps people at home on that day is proved by the experience of nearly every railway conductor. Of the passengers on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 15 per cent. are carried on Friday, while there is an average of 17 per cent. carried on each of the other five week days. In other words, there is a falling off on Fridays of nearly one-eighth as compared with the average of other week days.

THE Irish Constabulary force is fifty-seven years old. It now numbers—county inspectors and sub-inspectors—the officers and men—11,500 persons. The headquarters are in Dublin. Their duties extend to every part of Ireland, Dublin alone having a separate metropolitan force. The constabulary is purely military in organization, and carries short breech-loading rifles, with sword bayonet, but its functions are of a civil nature. The average cost to the Government of the 11,500 is about \$475 of our money to each member annually.

"THE writers," says a London society paper, "who feed the craving of a certain class of Americans for English social scandal are mainly recruited from the ranks of discharged English tutors. On the strength of a menial connection with the aristocracy, which some disreputable act of theirs has suddenly severed, these persons, having fled to America, set up as oracles in 'blood,' write about pedigrees for second-rate newspapers, are held to be authorities on family matters by noodles of the clubs and boarding-houses, and not unfrequently practice the arts of blackmail upon distinguished Englishmen who land on American shores. Of such beware."

THE finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used in consequence of their sticky character, they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are of extraordinary beauty. One, in the Summer Palace, is of small squares of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. A considerable trade is done by exporting small blocks of oak for parquet floors. There is an active demand for these in France and Germany, but none in England or this country.

THE marvellous accomplishments of the electric telegraph at the present day are seen in the following schedule of times and places as given in a French paper of a recent date. A telegraphic despatch sent from Paris will reach Alexandria, Egypt, in 5 hours, Berlin in 1 hour and 30 minutes, Biele in 1 hour and 15 minutes, Bucharest in 5 hours, Constantinople in 5 hours, Copenhagen in 4 hours, Cuba in 10 hours, Edinburgh in 2 hours 30 minutes, Dublin in 2 hours, Liverpool in 2 hours, London in 1 hour 15 minutes, Hong Kong in 12 hours, Jerusalem in 6 hours, New York in 4 hours, New Orleans in 8 hours, Rio Janeiro in 8 hours, San Francisco in 11 hours, St. Petersburg in 3 hours, Southampton in 3 hours, Sydney, Australia, in 15 hours, Yokohama in 14 hours, and Zanzibar in 7 hours.

ONE of the recent German inventions consists of a new kind of cloth, which is composed principally or entirely of sponge. In its manufacture the sponges are first thoroughly beaten with a heavy hammer, in order to crush all the mineral and vegetable impurities, so that they can easily be washed out; they are then dried and pared with a sharp knife, the paring being sewed together. The fabric which is thus obtained is described as being free from all the danger which sometimes arises from the absorption of poisonous dyes into the system; it absorbs without checking the perspiration, so as to diminish the danger of taking cold; it is a conductor, and, therefore, helps to maintain a uniform surface temperature; it can be more readily cleansed than the ordinary woolen garments; its flexibility decreases its liability of chafing; and the ease with which it can be employed in shoes,

stocking, drawers, undershirts and other articles of clothing, will, it is thought, render the new material especially useful as a protection of rheumatic and pulmonary attacks.

SEVERAL TONS of false hair are annually exported from France to England and Germany. The most luxuriant heads of hair in France are to be found among the peasant women of Normandy. Brittany yields plentiful crops, but of coarse quality and lacking in lustre. Limoges and its neighborhood are productive of exceptionally long and glossy black hair. Throughout the North of France dull hues characterize the growths, a fact which dealers attribute to the influence of the sea air upon the human hair, which, in inland mountainous districts, is generally found to be dark and bright in color, and to grow with great rapidity to abnormal length and weight. The French hair dealer's chief customer is America, whither is annually exported as much of the commodity in question as is sent to Great Britain and Germany to gether.

THE possibility that disease may be imparted in the milk we drink has been shown over and over again, and still new cases are reported of scarlet and typhoid fevers being spread by means of the lacteal fluid. The London *Truth* now publishes a communication from a physician, calling attention to the danger of habitually drinking aerated waters. It seems the carbonic acid which supplies the "fizz" of these cooling drinks has the property of dissolving the lead of which the stoppers and syphons are made. This lead, when taken two or three times a day into the system, is apt to become actively poisonous. Nor is this the only danger. Unless the water is pure before being charged with the gas it will retain its deleterious ingredients, and several cases of typhoid fever have been traced back to a drink of so-called soda water, which was in reality a mixture of carbonic acid and sewage.

THE subject has been recently discussed of woman as an inventor, and it is mentioned that women obtain from our government an average of about sixty patents annually; seventy is the number for the year ending July, 1880. As might be expected, most of them relate to lightening women's work. Among them are a jar-lifter, a bag-holder, a dress protector, two dustpans, a washing machine, a fluting iron, a dress chart, a fish boner, a sleeve adjuster, a lap table, a sewing machine treadle, a wash basin, an iron heater, sadirons, a garment stiffener, a folding chair, a wardrobe bed, a window cleaner, a napkin, a clothespin, a weather strip, a church, an invalid's bed, a strainer, a milkcooler, a sofa-bed, a dipper, a paper dish and a plaiting device. In a recent patent-law suit, a woman conducted her own case and won it, establishing her right to her skirt protector, planting an injunction on an infringement, and utterly routing one of the most distinguished of the patent-law barristers.

CLOTHING at first was almost entirely ornamental. The simple cincture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. After some time a bunch of pandanus tree slips was added and this was gradually extended until it made a complete fringe around the body. When the arts became so far advanced that man could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the kilt was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scottish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and sporran. As man advanced there were inconveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by fastening that garment at one point between the legs, and the human mind was then set upon the path to arrive at the attainment of a pair of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection the savages used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth.



## AWAKE.

BY S. W.

The sun gets up in the morning  
And lifts his stately head;  
Open your eyes, my sleepy skies,  
The sun is out of bed;  
The moon is very timid,  
She dare not meet the sun,  
With a heigh-ho! the stars must go,  
And hide themselves one by one.

The sun gets up in the morning,  
The world is all alight;  
Every tree is full of gloe,  
Every blossom bright,  
Every bird is singing—  
A welcome to his King,  
With a "Well done beautiful sun!  
You glorify everything."

The sun gets up in the morning,  
And so must children, too;  
Now dare you keep fast asleep  
The sun is calling you!  
Mid all the birds and blossoms  
Your merry voices raise:  
With a hurrah! how glad we are  
We've got a sun to praise!

## LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

NO, Isa," said Lady Margerie, approaching us; "you are absolutely dissipated to-night. I cannot allow you to dance any more."

"But, mamma," said her daughter. "My dear, we are going at once," said her mother. "Colonel Ferris is gone for our carriage."

Isabel was going to remonstrate, but there was a peremptory something in the look and tone of her mother that gave warning she was not to be disobeyed. In a few moments Colonel Ferris returned.

"Colonel," said her ladyship, "will you take Isabel? I will trouble Sir Rupert to escort me."

Of course I had no alternative, and gave the lady my arm with the best grace I could, especially as she was Isabel's mother. As I took her along I ventured to say, "Shall I have the happiness of seeing you to-morrow?"

"No," she replied; "we leave early in the morning for St. Clair."

"Pardon me, Lady Margerie," I said, starting, "but are you a resident near? I mean, are you related to Lord St. Clair?"

"I am his sister," she said. At that moment we reached the carriage, and I had no time to say more. But imagine my feelings, Harcourt, at finding I was actually related to that beautiful creature, while yet half-pledged to her cousin. I went back with Colonel Ferris to the ball-room, simply for the purpose of ascertaining who and from whence sprang my pretty vision.

"Oh, she is the daughter of my old friend Lisle," he said,—"a brave a fellow as ever lived; he once saved my life. But his wife is as proud as Lucifer; and I expect she rather hastened the poor fellow's death by her haughty ways. Anyway, he was too good for her; that's certain."

"I asked no more, and in less than half an hour I was out of the room and the house; and, to tell the truth, Harcourt, I turned tail fairly at the terrible prospect. I could not make love to one girl under the very eyes and ears of a cousin that I really cared for a hundred times more, and I had not the strength of mind to refuse Lord St. Clair's offer, and brave all the prospects before me, even for Isabel's sake."

"Especially with so terrific a mother," laughed the colonel. "I strongly suspect, Pelham, that it would have been in vain if you had. But go on."

"Well, that is all, except that—that I thought better of it, plucked up courage," replied the baronet; "and here I am. And yet I confess I am terribly faint-hearted at the prospect."

"Foolish fellow," said Harcourt, "you should be rather inspired with delight and gratitude at the idea of such a richly-endowed bride."

"But I have a strong presentiment that the affair will end in nothing," replied Sir Rupert, "and that I shall return without any bride at all."

"A sure sign you are in love," laughed Harcourt.

"I confess it," said the baronet; "but not with Miss St. Clair."

"Well, well, I will bet two to one that you return to the mainland a betrothed, if not a married man," said the colonel, shrewdly.

"To Miss St. Clair?" he asked. "Either to her or her cousin," replied Harcourt.

"My good friend," said the young man, gravely, "you little understand the proud St. Clairs if you talk in that way. I would as soon insult a princess of the blood, and then ask her younger sister in marriage, as play the game with my uncle and his family; and it is that conviction that has weighed so heavily on my mind. I sometimes fancy that it was a sort of special Providence that kept me from plunging

deeper in the affair with Miss Isabel Lisle."

"My good fellow," exclaimed Colonel Harcourt, laughing outright, "it is a superstition—a mere superstition; you are in love with one girl, and have got to pay your attention to another, whom you will find, no doubt, even more charming. It is a simple absurdity, Pelham, a mere passing fancy, that a glance at the fair heiress will remove."

"I do not know, Harcourt," he replied. "There is a strange weight on my spirits that I cannot shake off. I feel as if some unlooked-for, some unpleasant catastrophe would be the result of this affair. It is unworthy of a Pelham and a St. Clair."

"My good fellow, what is unworthy?—to get over a passing admiration of one pretty girl, in order to fall sensibly in love with another, and that other a relative of such undoubted pretensions?" said the colonel. "You are not the sensible man I fancied, if that is your creed."

"It is not, my good friend," replied Sir Rupert; "but still I do wish Isabel was Miss St. Clair instead of Miss Lisle."

"And I wish I had your chance, and the ten years off my head that would enable me to use it," said Harcourt. "But so it is; and it is another proof that there is no poetical or prescient justice in this great world."

"There is goodness in this claret, any way," observed the young baronet. "Come, Harcourt, 'care killed a cat.' There, we'll forget the ladies in a cup of this comforting beverage."

"Rather drink to their good health," said the colonel, coolly. "Here's to the future Lady Pelham."

"That is a very enigmatical toast, old fellow," laughed Sir Rupert. "If I marry Miss St. Clair, she will certainly disdain my humble name, and if I do not, I shall have to discard it myself; but we will take the will for the deed and drink to the health of the bride of Rupert Pelham, and add to it the bride of Charles Harcourt that is to be."

## CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a grand fête day at Castle St. Clair, a day never to be forgotten by the fair Blanche, for on that day her school-room life concluded, and the emancipated damsel was installed in full young ladyhood in new apartments, newly furnished as became the heiress of St. Clair. They were not the rooms that had been Lady Cecily's in her girlish days. Lady St. Clair had objected strongly and positively to the girl's earnest desire that she might have her mother's apartments, live in the places she used to inhabit, and use the very articles to which she was accustomed. The countess had, perhaps, two reasons for the decision. Either she had some fear for the position of Lady Cecily, or else some feelings of lingering affection or remorse induced her to shun the familiar suite in which her step daughter had so long dwelt. But to compensate for the refusal, the countess had lavished every care, every effort that wealth or taste could invent. The carpet was pure white, with a small pattern of rosebuds and lilies of the valley and delicate leaves varying its snowy surface. The furniture was of graceful, light walnut wood, exquisitely fashioned; the hangings of white soft lace and muslin over rose color. Then a cabinet piano of exquisite tone, a small harp, a drawing frame, a davenport, and a few valuable cabinet pictures, admirably adapted to a girl's taste and feminine refinement, completed the costly and tasteful adornment of the room.

A newly engaged maid, named Rosalie, of the countess's own selection, and the daughter of an old servant of the family, replaced the old school-room maid, who had hitherto waited on Miss St. Clair. This said maid had been trained especially for the honor by hairdressers, milliners, and dressmakers, in order to supply all possible deficiencies that might accrue in so secluded a situation, and Rosalie did full credit to her training and to her high destiny. She was nice-looking, adroit, well-mannered, and apparently most devoted to her young lady. Indeed, Lady Margerie had displayed, as it was considered, great consideration and kindness towards her young grand-niece, in bringing to her sister-in-law's notice the talented young Rosalie, instead of appropriating her to the service of her own daughter.

It was Lady Margerie who had mentioned to the countess the discovery she had made of the recent return of Rosalie's mother to the neighborhood of Newport, and suggested that the hereditary attachment and fidelity of the family to the St. Clairs, and their known character, would make the daughter a safe and fit attendant for the heiress of the house. And so admirably was the management and tact of Lady Margerie, that even the proud countess did not take any umbrage at the suggestions of her sister-in-law, but after sufficient deliberation, to save her own dignity, she sent for young Rosalie and her mother to St. Clair.

A very striking-looking girl was Rosalie Norman for her age—tall, graceful in bear-

ing beyond her station, with eyes of singular blackness and expression. The extreme paleness of the complexion, too, gave a refinement to the whole face, and the glittering white teeth, the strangely sweet smile, added to the peculiarity and the fascination of a countenance, not handsome, certainly, in any other respect. But the extreme modesty of the air and bearing, the anxious, almost terrified look and tone with which she replied to the countess's inquiries, the propriety of her replies, and the perfect absence of any tinge of commonness or vulgarity, at once decided Lady St. Clair to take her under her patronage, and to educate her for her grand daughter's especial attendant. Only one question appeared in any way to confuse her.

"And how is it that your mother did not return to her own native place, instead of settling in a town at so short a distance from it?" said the countess, in concluding the interview.

"Indeed, my lady, I think it was her intention to come here when we first returned to the island," replied Rosalie; "but her health was so bad; and there is a very clever doctor at Newport, who seems to be doing her a great deal of good."

"And what is his name?" inquired the countess.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick, my lady,—he is the only physician that has done my mother any good; and he is so kind, that he scarcely charges her anything for the visits or the medicines."

"And what was the matter with your mother?" said the countess, smiling pleasantly.

"I do not know, my lady; she used to suffer a great deal of pain sometimes, and have strange fainting fits; but the medicine the doctor gave her did her a great deal of good, and so she liked staying at Newport best."

The Lady St. Clair could scarcely demur to this view of the case, and yet she thought for some minutes before putting her next question.

"And could she do without you?"

"Yes, my lady,—Doctor Fitzpatrick and Lady Margerie both said your ladyship was the first person to be considered; and therefore, if your ladyship thought proper, they would find some one to be with my mother. If I can be of any use to your ladyship or to the family—"

A shade came over Lady St. Clair's face.

"Lady Margerie spoke to this Doctor Fitzpatrick, then, on the subject?"

"Yes, my lady; that is how Lady Margerie knew first that my mother was here, my lady."

The countess made no reply,—it would have been unlike her to express the slightest curiosity or the least surprise to one so beneath her in station as the young Rosalie, but she at once dismissed the girl with, "I shall drive over to Newport in a day or two, and arrange finally with your mother;" and she did so.

Lady Margerie quickly satisfied the countess on the subject of Doctor Fitzpatrick.

"Certainly, Helena," said Lady Margerie, "certainly I should repose full confidence in persons whom he recommended, even if this girl and her mother were not so well-known to you. I knew him well when I lived in Italy, and a more skilful, honorable, or kindly man, I never met. He is too, a singularly independent man, doing as he pleases, and daring to think and to act without staying in the beaten path."

The countess smiled. She hardly ever laughed.

"Ah, Margerie," she said, "it is safer to do so sometimes, depend upon it. However, of course, if you know this gentleman it is enough. But I confess it rather staggered me for the moment that he should take so much interest in a young girl and in my concerns."

"My dear Helena, can you suppose there is any one in the island who has not sufficient respect for the St. Clairs to take every pains to serve them?" said Lady Margerie, proudly. "And, I myself, could have fully credited it, even had not my own knowledge of Doctor Fitzpatrick assured me of his character."

Thus it was settled, and Lady St. Clair drove over to Newport, made every necessary arrangement in about an hour (she was never dilatory in her proceedings, when her resolution was taken,) and in the course of the week Rosalie was placed under the care of proper persons to educate her for the especial purpose of entering on the services of the heiress. But though she was under the tutelage of the professors of these arts, she still remained at her mother's house, and still had the benefit and advantage of Dr. Fitzpatrick's instruction. But it is not our purpose to give in detail a description of the various conversations between the patron and the pupil. It is sufficient to give a slight sketch of the last interview that took place between them before the girl assumed her duties as maid and companion to the heiress of St. Clair.

Rosalie had completed her preparations. Her last lesson had been taken, her last article of dress completed, the young woman engaged to attend in her place on her mother had arrived to assume her new duties, and

Rosalie said to the half-proud, half-discontented mother, "I must go and bid Dr. Fitzpatrick good-bye."

"And tell him," said Mrs. Norman, "to come as soon as you are gone, I feel one of my attacks coming on."

Rosalie walked steadily and quickly to Dr. Fitzpatrick's. Her mind was full of plans and projects for the future, and regrets for the present. The pale cheek was flushed, and the glittering eyes absolutely sparkled with excitement. She paused before the door ere she rang the bell. Then the trembling hand, white and slender as a lady's, gave a sudden sharp peal, and she then drew her thick veil down, as if to conceal the conscious agitation of her features.

The ring was quickly answered, and Rosalie walked in like a frequent and accustomed guest, unbidden and almost unannounced. The doctor was in his study, and on the announcement of his young visitor's name, he gave a dignified nod so long as the door remained unopened; but no sooner had the servant disappeared, than he rose hastily, and taking Rosalie's hand in his, he bent down and kissed her brow. It was but a pressure on the brow, and it might be a paternal kiss, or the kindly embrace of a pitying, sympathizing patron. Still, the color on Rosalie's cheek deepened, and her eyes drooped as the momentarily encountered his.

"Rosalie," he began.

"Sir?" said Rosalie.

"You will not forget?" said he.

"I am here to take your instructions," she replied, with a half-coquettish, half-simple look, that would have baffled the penetration of most, but which only brought a smile to the lips of the physician.

"What instructions do you expect, Rosalie?" he said, smiling, as he led her to a seat near his own.

"How to treat my young lady and the Countess St. Clair," was the demure reply.

The doctor paused for some minutes, then he said quickly, "The instructions are very simple, Rosalie,—they are, first, to exercise your own natural and acute powers in gaining the confidence and good-will of Lady St. Clair. You have had a fair specimen of her,—haughty, cold, acute. You have to preserve with her the same deep respect and decorum that gained her good-will in the first instance. As to the young lady, you must be guided as to your own feelings how best to obtain an influence over her. Thus you have but one simple course to pursue, Rosalie. Carry out steadily and implicitly my directions, and the result will be—"

The girl paused for the next words, but they did not come for a time. Then Dr. Fitzpatrick stooped down, and whispered something in her ear that brought the blood to her cheeks.

"Yes, Rosalie, yes," he repeated, "my word is given, and you are pledged also. If you carry out my direction implicitly, and with perfect success, then you shall at once take your place at the head, the beloved and honored head of—"

The end of the sentence was doomed to remain a secret to all, except, perhaps, the imagination of Rosalie Norman, for, at the very instant, a carriage dashed up to the door, and a loud peal at the bell announced the arrival of a visitor of some importance, at least in the judgment of the servant who announced her.

"Quick!—that way, Rosalie," said the doctor, opening a door on the other side of the room. "There, leave by the next apartment, and down the other staircase, through the back door. Do not let the servants see you."

A minute later, and Dr. Fitzpatrick was replying with bland and respectful courtesy to the greetings of Lady Margerie Lisle.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WE digressed in the last chapter from the day when we introduced our fair heroine as the avowed heiress of St. Clair; but we would first promise that on that day the Earl of St. Clair and his countess gave a grand dinner to the more intimate friends of the house, which was succeeded by a ball, to which half of the island received invitations. And a splendid affair it was intended to be.

Lady Margerie and her daughter had been at the Castle for the last week, assisting and superintending the preparations, for the countess honestly conceived that she had been too long secluded from the world to manage an affair of such importance as the debut of the heiress.

At last the day arrived, and with it the guests at the gates of the Castle. Carriage after carriage rapidly arrived, until a crowd of visitors were gathered to the entrance of the great saloon, where the countess, in rich satin, point lace, and diamonds, received her guests like a queen. And there by her side sat Lady Margerie, just sufficiently below her grand sister-in-law to mark the distinction between the Lady of St. Clair and the widow of Colonel Lisle, and yet with sufficient stateliness to mark



the birth and position of a daughter of the proud house of St. Clair. And then, at the back of the sofa, standing near, leaning against a statue, of which the features bore a slight resemblance to her own, was the heroine of the day—the fair Blanche. But there was another lady almost equally young, almost equally lovely, and dressed in precisely the same style, who was scarcely to be distinguished from her fair friend as heiress and heroine of the day.

Blanche and Isabel were dressed precisely alike, in the most exquisite toilettes that taste and money could furnish. There was much general resemblance between the cousins. Both had dark eyes and hair, clear complexions, and classic features, equal height and elegance of form; and the identity of dress, with this family likeness, made a mistake easy at a casual glance in identifying the two young beauties. But the expression, together with the bearing and tone of voice, was very different. Blanche's native grace and dignity were as distinct from the haughty pride that was visible in Isabel's every gesture, look, and attitude, as from the awkward shyness of a school girl; and the clear ringing tones of her voice had a vibration that conveyed at once to the mind a conviction of the truth and purity and candor of the girl's mind and character; while the sound of Isabel's voice, although soft and rich even in speaking, conveyed to the mind an instinctive feeling that there was a subdued candor which was not completely natural. An acute blind man would by no means have had the same confidence in one as the other, in judging by the tones of those girl's voices.

The two girls were certainly worthy of their race, and well justified the pride with which even the haughty countess regarded them, as guest after guest succeeded each other in doing proper homage to the lady of St. Clair and the fair young queen of the day. At last, the earl himself approached the little group, accompanied by Sir Rupert Pelham and his friend, Colonel Harcourt, who had arrived at the latest minute, and who had only just appeared in the saloons when the announcement of the coming banquet was imminent. And, whether by intention, or the merest accident in the world, this awkward coincidence, this identity of announcement between the guests and the gastronomic feast, the bridegroom elect and the butler, made a confusion that led to awkward results; for as the introductions took place in a hurried style, "Sir Rupert Pelham and Colonel Harcourt—my grand daughter, Miss St. Clair—my niece, Miss Lisle," it required a great deal of nicety of vision and earnestness of observation for a proper distinction or identification of the "respective parties." Wherefore when Isabel Lisle gave the priestliest and most flattering blush, and Blanche the calmest and least demonstrative bow that a young lady of seventeen could possibly vouchsafe, it was scarcely to be wondered at that Sir Rupert chose to misunderstand the nomenclature of the two young girls, and offer his arm to Miss Lisle, instead of the heiress of St. Clair. Colonel Harcourt naturally requested the honor of Miss St. Clair's hand, which the fair Blanche very quietly and calmly accepted, while Isabel's flushed cheek and sparkling eyes were tolerably flattering proofs of the feelings of the young lady to her chivalrous admirer and unknown friend. Wherefore the two pairs marched quietly off under the very eyes of their seniors.

During the dinner that followed there was nothing in Miss St. Clair's demeanor that could justify any reproach or even anxiety on the part of her grandparents and guardians. Her manner to Colonel Harcourt, by whom she was seated, was such a mixture of what might be termed the princess and the youthful maiden; so exquisitely simple and modest, and yet so gracefully dignified, that the most scrupulous guardians, the most vain of foppish admirers, could not have deduced anything from her demeanor. And while the young Isabel was talking and laughing and all but flirting with her neighbor, Blanche's manner was so unexceptionally modest and reserved as any young French girl just emerged from her convent.

From time to time Lord and Lady St. Clair gave uneasy glances at their grand child, and furtive looks of indignant surprise and jealousy at Isabel, and even at Lady Margerie. Both, however, ignored these looks with perfect indifference, and when the dinner concluded, the mother and daughter disappeared entirely during the interval ere the ball began, while Blanche still quietly remained at her grandmother's side. But again the countess was told, it she intended to give any admonition to the fair young lady, for she was so completely surrounded and engrossed by the seniors of the party, that she could not, without absolute rudeness, have left them for a moment on any such transparent pretence.

It was of course not unnatural that the fair Isabel should wish to refresh her charms ere the grand event of the night, still less to be wondered at that the anxious mamma should like her fair daughter to appear to the greatest possible advantage on that memorable evening. And yet the

Countess St. Clair looked absolutely indignant when the young grand-niece appeared and the handsome Sir Rupert hastened to claim her hand for the first quadrille. She glanced at Blanche. The young girl's face was serene and calm as a child's; Colonel Harcourt was at her side.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss St. Clair?"

Blanche bowed with a sweet, happy smile. She liked Colonel Harcourt, he was so kind and unaffected. Her grand mamma frowned, and summoned her to her side.

"Blanche, why do you not dance with your cousin?"

"He did not ask me. I kept the first quadrille open for him, but he is dancing with Isabel."

"Then you will the next with him?" said her ladyship.

"I am engaged, grandmamma, every dance till supper, except what you do not wish me to dance."

The dancing went on with spirit but there is a limit to human exertion. Even the most determined of dancers must tire at last, and be glad of a temporary rest. So, as midnight sounded, they went off, nothing loth, to the supper rooms.

Now the genius of Lady Margerie had suggested, and the pride and the wealth of Lady St. Clair had been able to carry out the hint, that the great defect and blot of great balls and evening parties was the supper. There might be plenty, there might be elegance, but where were the means of enjoying it when there were only seats for about one half the guests—when ladies were deluged with soup and champagne, and gentlemen gazing in hungry starvation at pertridges and game, which were beyond their reach?

Luckily for the countess, she had the wit to comprehend, and the means to act on the experience of others.

The castle contained a large gallery, usually devoted to the portraits of the long deceased ancestors of the house. But now the venerable earls and barons, the stately queens of love and beauty, the fair ornaments of many a brilliant court, were displaced or covered to make room for the festivities that graced the debut of one perhaps fairer still than the most admired of her house.

The walls were hung with blue and white, the columns were wreathed in clustering plants, the interstices filled with vast mirrors, while in a large recess were placed music and play at intervals during the supper. In this gallery were laid tables capable of accommodating two hundred guests in comfort; and to this magnificent and tempting region the large and brilliant party at the castle now directed their steps. Colonel Harcourt had contrived to secure the honor of conducting Miss St. Clair, by dancing with her the last dance before supper, and a glance told him that Sir Rupert had been equally skilful and fortunate with respect to his fair goddess. He turned quietly to Blanche as he watched the devotion of his friend, devotion too unmistakable to be misinterpreted by the most inexperienced; but Blanche displayed the most perfect serenity.

"How devoted Sir Rupert appears to his fair neighbor!" he said at last, half provoked at the calmness that baffled his utmost penetration.

"I am not surprised," said Blanche.

"Isabel is very beautiful."

"True," said Colonel Harcourt; "but others may surpass her in every respect."

A flash sparkled in the eyes of the young girl, then it disappeared in a joyous laugh.

"Possibly," she said; "but Sir Rupert is not of that opinion."

"Not a present," said the colonel.

"Do you suppose he is so capricious?" she asked.

"I think he may be mistaken," was the reply.

"In what? Surely not in his opinion of the beauty of my cousin Isabel?" said Blanche.

"No," said the colonel; "but he may be in his idea as to her identity."

It was a rash shot—a venture. But his impulse was true and good. He wished to put his friend right with the heiress, to afford him, at least, some chance of putting his mistake to advantage. It was a hazardous game.

"You are flattering, Colonel Harcourt, to my cousin and to me," said Blanche, her beautiful lips curling with disdainful pride. "I will not affect to misunderstand you; but the mistake, if it be one, can scarcely be plied."

The youthful face had for the moment assumed an expression of proud contempt that gave a strong resemblance to the haughty St. Clair; but the next it broke into a joyous smile.

"Poor Sir Rupert!" she said, in her clear, ringing tones, without one shade of jealousy or annoyance in their accents. "Poor Sir Rupert! Isabel will enslave him too hopelessly for escape and then he will be irretrievably compromised with grandmamma."

The arch smile on her lips proved that it was no feminine jealousy, but true girl-

ish amusement that prompted that joyous remark.

"Poor Sir Rupert!" was echoed from the very heart of Colonel Harcourt; and as he looked at the lovely and arch features of that beautiful girl, he remarked to himself, "I fear as, she says, he is irretrievably compromised."

"Let us enlighten them a little on the subject," he then said aloud.

"No, no," she replied, with her musical laugh; "it is a little comedy, colonel, and of no consequence whatever, so long as the young lady herself is aware of the truth. I engage you not to interrupt it on any account."

Colonel Harcourt looked at her with some surprise.

"How trusting she is!" he thought; "how unlike her sex in general! On Pelham, you are a blind idiot!"

At last the supper was over, and again the gay throng were in motion. This time the baronet and his companion disappeared in most romantic haste. Lord St. Clair had strangely and suddenly vanished from the midst of his guests. Blanche's eyes were anxiously fixed on his vacant place, and she slipped from Colonel Harcourt's side.

"Grandpapa is ill, I am afraid," she said to Lady Margerie, as she passed through the saloon.

"I do not know; I saw some one speak to him, and he went off at once," replied her aunt, with a half-concealed sneer.

Blanche passed through the gallery, the great saloons, the dancing room, the card room, on to the grand hall, and then returned, till she reached the corridor, where the servants were in groups.

"Did you want anything, Miss Blanche?" said one of the old servants, approaching her, with affectionate respect.

"Where is grandpapa?" she asked.

"Some gentleman wanted to speak to the earl, Miss Blanche, and would not be refused. I took in his card, from what he said, and my lord looked at a word or two written on it, and told me to show him in; but there is not a room in the house where they could be quite free from any one else, and I did not know what to do; so I just took him to my lord, and—"

But what followed was not over to be made known to the world in general, for at that moment Rosalie Norman appeared.

"If you please, Miss Blanche, my lord wants you at once."

"Wants me?" said the girl, in alarm.

"Yes, Miss Blanche."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"In the corridor, Miss Blanche."

Blanche flew to the spot immediately. The earl was standing at the entrance of his grand daughter's suite of apartments. By his side was a man of half-gentlemanly, half-underbred appearance. Blanche instinctively shrank from that forbidding, yet half-smiling face. Lord St. Clair was flushed and uneasy.

"Blanche, my child, I want the keys of your apartments," he said. "They are the only place in the house where we can be quite undisturbed. Can we go into them?"

"Of course, grandpapa," said the girl, with a half-wondering look. It was new to her to have such deference paid to her will and womanly privileges. She drew the key from her girdle, and unlocked the suite of rooms, which, by a maidenly instinct, she had hitherto kept secure from all intruders on that festive night.

"Thanks, my darling," said the earl, bending down, and kissing her young cheek. "Now go and enjoy yourself."

But Blanche lingered, and said, "Grandpapa, please forgive me; but is anything the matter? You are not ill, are you?"

"No, my pet, no,—it is only a matter of business," he replied. "Go,—it is nothing that concerns you."

The young girl turned reluctantly away, and even as the earl followed the stranger into the room, the words he had just uttered were repeated on his lips,—Nothing that concerns her! Poor child!—poor child!

It was well for Blanche that she did not hear those murmured words, well that she could not see the look of troubled anxiety with which the earl closed the door and advanced to the table.

"Sit down, sir," said he, "and tell me what authority you have to state these uncalled-for, these monstrous facts, or rather fables?"

"Authority, my lord? There is sufficient authority in truth; and truth is, what I have now to lay before you. Your daughter, Lady Cecilia—"

"Well, sir, what of her?" said the earl, frowningly.

The man smiled,—a cold, sneering smile.

"I have much to say of her, my lord,—much," he replied. "Is it your pleasure to hear it now? It was your pleasure to have this grand ball, my lord. It appears to me that you can at least contrive to hear something of the young lady in whose honor it was given. It might, perhaps, have been as prudent to have been quite certain of the

position of the heiress for whom all this display was arranged."

"I have nothing to learn on that score," said Lord St. Clair, frowning heavily. "The daughter of my daughter and heiress is certainly quite within the ken of all her relations. The life that since the earliest childhood has been known and devoted to us, can scarcely have any secrets to be preserved or revealed."

"You think so, my lord," said the stranger, smiling; "but we shall see. Is it your pleasure to give your attention to what I have to say?"

The earl gazed at the face of the stranger with an earnest look.

"It cannot be, it cannot be," he said. "Surely the deep seas cannot give up their dead!"

The man smiled, that same peculiar, half-sneering smile.

"There are many miracles that you count little on, my lord, and powers that surpass even the haughty imperiousness of the lords of St. Clair. You say that the seas cannot give up their dead; you forget that many have been reported dead who are yet in the possession, if not the enjoyment of existence. May such an event not be possible now, Lord St. Clair?"

"Then you are really the—"

The stranger held up his hand warningly.

"I am one who has strong claims upon the Earl of St. Clair," he said; "and yet more on the earl's grand daughter. I am an injured man, Lord St. Clair, and one not to be wronged with impunity. If you will be wise, I will serve you as you little expect; if not, I warn you that neither your rank, your riches, nor your pride can save the name of St. Clair from disgrace, nor the disappointment of the dearest hopes you have on earth."

"I am not the man to be bullied or insulted with threats," replied the earl, turning pale, in spite of his utmost efforts to preserve an unshaken mien. "As the grandfather of Miss St. Clair, the father of—"

He stopped. There was something so inexpressibly provoking and insulting in the look of the man, the tone of conscious power, the mocking of the habitual haughty dignity of his companion, that so baffled and irritated the earl, that he fairly lost the grand air of mastery and self-possession that imposed such awe on his dependents and his very family.

"Ah, I see how it is," said the man, laughing. "I must come to the point at once. There is no use in beating about the bush any longer. Listen to me, my lord."

He bent forward and spoke for a few minutes in a low rapid tone. That communication was very short; and yet, to judge from its effects, it was of strange and weighty import. The earl's face turned from an ashy white to a deep crimson, and then to the colorless hue that seemed more in accordance with the usual expression of his stern features. Then, when the stranger guest ceased, and the earl stooped forward, as if to bow and bant with the communication he received, the man raised himself with an expression that spoke of bitter pride and triumph in the agony and humiliation he had inflicted on that proud and inflexible man. There was a pause. Then the earl said, in a voice that would have disarmed his worst enemy with its sad yet hollow tone, "And what proof have you that this is true?"

He showed the earl a note, directed in a female hand, and bearing on the seal a small initial and coronet.

"Do you recognize that hand, Earl St. Clair?"

The earl looked sadly, tremblingly at the writing.

"It is hers," he said; "but that is no proof that you are he."

"Indeed?" said the man, smiling again; "and pray where and how could I have obtained it, had I not been the person to whom it was addressed? But, if that is not enough, look here!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A COMMON WEAKNESS.—When it is settled in a man's mind that such or such another is a bad man, an effect apt to be produced by such judgment is a settled affection of antipathy; of antipathy more or less strong, according to the temper of the individual. Thereupon, without troubling himself to measure out the proper quantity of antipathy which it would be proper for him to administer, upon every opportunity that presents the means of expressing towards the offending party the affection of hatred and contempt, he accordingly employs it; and in so doing, he plagues himself upon the evidence he affords to others of his hatred to vice and love of virtue, while, in truth, he is only affording a gratification to his own dissocial and self-regarding affections, to his own antipathy and his own pride.

M. S.

A city butcher told a painter to make him a sign which would read, "Mutton in Parvo Sausage." When he got it, it read "Mutton in Porko Sausage." It took three men to get the cleaver out of his hands.



## New Publications.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine, which opens a new series at a reduced price, presents itself in an artistically designed cover that at once attracts and pleases the eye. The opening article, an account of a Roman Art School, associated with the names of Fortuny and other famous artists, is from the vivacious pen of Mrs. Margaret Bertha Wright, and is well illustrated. "An Old New England Seaport" by Charles Burr Todd, recalls the name of the author of "The Lone Ranger, Conn." The illustrations have a tendency of being faithful transcripts of the scenes and objects they profess to represent. The artist's pencil has also been employed to heighten the attractiveness of a novelette, to run through three numbers. Among the short stories, "The Called Meeting," by Jennia Woodville, is one of the most admirable and amusing sketches of negro character ever published. There are several articles in the number deserving more detailed mention than we are able to give them. "Out Door Life on the Hudson," by Harriet Fyfe, is a valuable series of the scenes suggested by its title. Mr. Kirk has an interesting paper on Madame de Seel. "My Mining Investments" will be found very suggestive; and "Race in Brazil" treats amusingly of the mixed population of that country. The "Monthly Gossip" is greatly extended, and divided into sections, one being devoted to "Public Topics;" another, under the title of "Place aux Dames," to feminine interests; a third to art matters; while a fourth is "Anecdotal and Miscellaneous." Over a dozen short and spirited papers by various contributors complete the department a multum in parvo full of entertaining matter for readers of every class.







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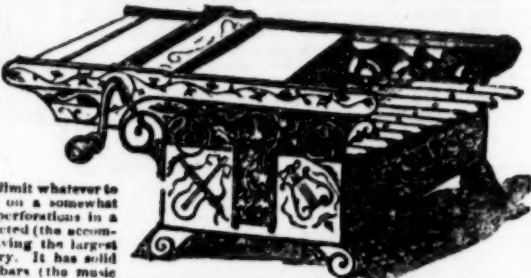
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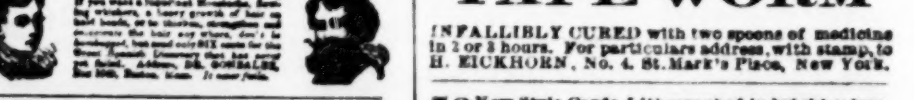
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# Indies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

### FANCY DRESSES.

**I**N selecting costumes for the innumerable fancy balls now on the tapis for the holiday season, originality is the one thing desired. The following suggestions may be of use to my readers in solving the problem of what costume to select:

**Alphabet:** I saw carried out in a way which would utilize a black tulle dress. A great many letters had been cut out and pinned on strips of black tulle, and tacked on the dress spirally, with huge A B C's on the train; a large black fan was carried in the hand, with A B C upon it; the same on the shoes; the vowels on velvet round the throat; and black capitals on the handkerchief. An uncommon dress I once saw in a French picture was a full skirt of blue velvet, bordered with fur; the bodice low and pointed, the sleeves to elbow with lace ruffles; ribbon at throat, and powdered hair; any color might be chosen. "Dis-ense de Bonne Aventure" was the name of a very effective dress worn at a fancy ball; the foundation was black tulle, covered with playing cards; the figure was enveloped in a long tulle veil, and a coronet of cards appeared on the head.

"The Partisan's Daughter," with a plain skirt, just off the ground, of grey material; a square-cut black satin bodice and tunic and sleeves, kerchief and large mob cap of soft white muslin, long black silk mittens, and black velvet round the throat; the skirt should be stiff lined to set out pretty well; the black tulle is open down the front, caught back and looped up a little; the bodice is made with a short basque, rather pointed back and front, and the sleeves (just below the elbow) have turned-back cuffs of white muslin, and then the frills falling over the arms; the mittens meet the frills; the kerchief is pointed at the back, hemmed all round, crossed in front, and fastened round the waist at the back; the cap is plain, falling very low on the hair at the back; this is a very simple but becoming dress; and cotton-backed satin is quite permissible at a calice ball.

Another costume—"an arrangement in black and white"—can be well carried out thus: A skirt of white satin, with five gathered ruffles, about five or six inches deep, coming up to just above the knee (or a deep killing); a basque bodice cut square back and front, with elbow sleeves and two wide scarves, composed of broad black-and-white striped cotton (the wider the better) crossed in front and looped together at the back, forming a sort of train just touching the ground; the striped material should be bought by the yard, and put on in its natural width; headpiece, a small cap of the two colors; long black gloves or mittens, and a black and white fan.

A costume all white on one side, and all black on the other, half the hair plain, and half powdered. It is called sometimes "Black and White," or "Night and Morning." "White China," all in white, looks well in satin, made with a sacque and pautiers, and a square-cut, pointed bodice and elbow sleeves, a lace cap, and the hair turned up and powdered; the skirt is plain and short. "Night" can be carried out in black muslin with a rounded skirt, long draped tunic, and either square-cut or low bodice, much trimmed with jet beads, jet tulle of stars, and jet ornaments; the black fan painted with a moonlight scene in white and grey; the jet should be sprinkled about everywhere, to make the dress look bright. "Violet" can be arranged in violet muslin over satin or jean, pretty made, and trimmed with sprays of different violets scattered about, with a wreath and bodice, sprays of real violets and leaves; the fan should be covered over with violets, and violets on white lace for the bracelets and necktie. "Dawn," all in pale grey, and "Dusk," in dull grey, can be effectively managed, with soft muslin or gauze draped over the cotton backed satin, add the ornaments for the former should be silver (stars if possible, and a string of smoked pearls round the throat, and earrings to match, for the latter.

"Breedsa Chama," a pink quilted satin or silk petticoat, with three ruffles of lace; an overskirt looped well back of figured silk or fustian; a low pointed bodice, with elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace and ruffles of pink; a lace cap, with rosebuds on the powdered hair; long mittens, and an antique fan; the upper skirt should be of white ground, with roses and ends over it.

Marguerite in "Faust" would wear a skirt of cashmere, over it a longer one, looped up at the side. The bodice is cut to reach to the hips, where there is a series of loops or bands; the bodice is square, showing a chemise of plaited muslin; the tight fitting sleeves are puffed at the elbow, and slightly open at the wrist; a sash hangs at the side, a cross round the neck, the hair in two long plaits, tied with ribbons. White and blue, or all French grey, are the usual colors in cashmere, of which the dress is made.

"Zerlina" is a Spanish costume. I have seen it dressed as follows: White satin skirt, with black lace ruffles, or two ruffles of red netting, bordered with fringe; Spanish bodice of black velvet or satin, braided with gold, gold dagger at the side, black lace mantilla, with crimson roses.

"Queen of Hearts."—Bodice in scarlet poplin, embroidered on the side and straight sleeves. A heart, cut out in red silk, is applique below the square opening of the white dress. White gauze drapery, finished off with scarlet and white fringe. Poplin skirt, ornamented at intervals by red hearts. The same appear in the hair, and at the tip of the wand.

"Vivandiere de Grenadiers"—Costume in blue cloth. Jacket, trimmed with red faille revers, with gilt or embroidered ornaments. A barrel drum hangs at the side. Red silk crossbands surround the skirt. Loose knickerbockers. Pointed cloth cap, completed by piping and tassels in the contrasting shade.

**Folish Costume.**—Jacket bodice of purple, rich blue, or black velvet, trimmed with swansdown, the hanging sleeves lined with white satin. Color and trimming of the velvet cap to match the jacket, the feather tuft fixed by a diamond agrafe. Hair falling in long plaits on the shoulders. Short skirt of red or blue satin; overskirt of white satin, trimmed with gold braid or velvet bands in a zigzag pattern. High boots of patent leather, bordered with swansdown; and white stockings.

**Tyrolean Costume.**—Skirt of red or green or any other suitable woolen material, bordered with two stripes of black velvet edged with gold cord. Chemise of white lawn, the narrow standing collar embroidered in red. Bodice of black velvet or silk, with stomacher embroidered in gold and colored silks, fixed in front with two gold-headed pins. Buckled waistbelt of leather, with a chate-laine chain from the left hip, to hold a bunch of keys or a fan. Wide apron of broche silk, bordered with gold-embroidered lace. A multi-colored silk tie round the neck. A Tyrolean hat of dark green or black felt, with gold cord round, and feather ornament at the side. White stockings, with colored clocks. Boots of black leather, cut low at the instep, with gold buckles in front. Gold chain, with medal or cross pendant round the neck.

"An Oarwoman" (or rather, girl.—Crimson flannel skirt, bordered with a plaiting, which is mounted with a heading bound with black velvet; brown overskirt, studded with gold flowers, looped high on the hips; the flowers are gilt paper or spangles, which are gummed on; bodice, with revers, and a blue and white striped waistcoat; white cambric plaiting round the top and round the short sleeves; black mittens, blue stockings; straw hat, lined with black velvet, which also passes under the chin; a bouquet of poppies at the side; an oar in the hand.

The following is a description of a dressing gown for all hours of the day: The front is of colored cashmere of a pale tint. It is trimmed with narrow plaitings. Over this, but forming one entire dress, is an open Princess robe of striped flannel, one stripe of which will match the front cashmere. This is edged round with a ruffling of the cashmere, edged underneath with a deep frill of colored lace. Paged sleeves trimmed to match. A lace jabot down the front of the bodice, and lace pockets. A lace bow on one shoulder.

Young girls return to the old style of silk under-dresses, with long polonaises of embroidered muslin for evening dresses. They are trimmed with Breton lace, and ribbons to match the skirt to loop the polonaise at the back.

Instead of the polonaise the skirt may be trimmed with alternate plaitings of muslin and lace, and a scarf crosses the whole dress. The bodice is fully and often crossed over the bust, like in olden times. Short sleeves and long gloves or mittens. A band round the waist.

Ladies now hang dainty little baskets at their waist-belts instead of chate-laines. These baskets are made in all sorts of shapes. They contain all the requisites for lace, crochet and embroidery work.

A simple costume is of woolen tissue of Venetian green; the plain skirt has a broad band placed about twelve inches from the edge, and composed of rows of woolen braid, very wide, intersected by narrow steel braid. The band of braiding is twelve inches wide. The polonaise is made of the same fabric, also braided at the edge, but eight inches deep only; the trimming is carried round the neck and down the centre of the fronts, which are draped on each side by a cordeliere of black and steel. A Parisienne trottiseuse is of grey cheviot trimmed with bronze plush, the skirt pleated in alternate plush and cheviot plaitings, and edged by a cardinal-colored satin balayouse; across the skirt a plush sash is placed, and is pleated in a large bow with the cheviot tunic. The bodice of cheviot has plush basques, which at the back form butterfly wings, lined with satin.

Many rich costumes are of striped plush and satin, but for young girls a sort of velvet is much used, with a design of flowers or small patterns on it, and the dress made in the Louis XVI. style.

I have seen some charming new models for hats of long pile plush in marine blue and fawn, and pretty calashes of black felt with bouillonne velvet brims, and trimmed with a profusion of feathers, and with a large bunch of Bengal roses at the side. The hats certainly are large in every way—brims, feathers, flowers, all immense—but we have always the choice of pretty little capotes, with their embroidered or chenille crowns, or the dainty Medici shape, which are equally fashionable; other hats are perfectly covered with their magnificent feathers, among which one sees, half concealed, some brilliant insect or some sparkling butterfly. A few felt hats are to be seen, but plush hats and plush capotes are in endless variety, only the hats are, as we have said, very much larger than they have been worn lately, while bonnets, on the contrary, are decreasing in size; I saw one very pretty bonnet, quite tiny, of black blonde, crossed with two very fine bands of gold.

### Fire-side Chat.

#### GOOD THINGS FOR HOLIDAY FEASTS.

**CHATELAIN'S OF ORANGES.**—Make a very clear orange jelly with a pint and a half of water, six oranges, sugar to taste, a wineglassful of sherry, and an ounce and a half of isinglass. Divide two or

three oranges into quarters, and with a sharp knife carefully remove from each quarter every particle of skin of any sort. Have two plain moulds, one about an inch and a quarter more in diameter than the other. Pour a very little jelly at the bottom of the larger mould, and place in it a layer of orange quarters prepared as above (if too thick, they should be slit in two lengthwise); cover them with more jelly, but only put enough to get a smooth surface. Lay this on ice to set. When it is nearly firm put the small mould inside the large one, taking care to place it exactly in the middle, so that the vacant space between the two moulds be of the same width. In this vacant space dispose prepared orange quarters, filling up the interstices with jelly as you go on, until the whole of the space is filled up. Place the mould upon ice, and proceed to whip a pint of cream with half an ounce of isinglass and some sweetened orange juice, which must be added to it a very little at a time, else the cream will not rise into a froth. When the cream is ready and the jelly set, remove the inner mould by pouring warm water into it, and fill up the inner space of the chate-laine with the cream. Set it on ice for an hour, turn out and serve.

**Meringues.**—Whisk some whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix with them, with a spoon, quickly and thoroughly, some loaf sugar, finely powdered, in the proportion of one tablespoonful for each white of egg used, then place a sheet of white paper on a meringue board, and, with a tablespoon lay out the mixture on it in heaps about the size of an egg, and about two inches apart, taking care to make them all as near as possible the same size and evenly shaped. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar over them, shake off what does not stick to the meringues, and at once place the board into a moderate oven. When the meringues have assumed a straw color, and are hard to the touch, take them out, detach them from the paper carefully, and either scoop out the inside, press it in with a teaspoon. Then replace them in the oven on a baking sheet to dry for half an hour or so. The oven must be very "slack," and it is best to leave the door of it open during this part of the operation. When the meringues are cold, have ready some whipped cream, flavored as you may fancy, fill the hollow of each meringue with it, and join them in pairs by sticking together the under side of each.

**Lemon Water Ice.**—Wash the lemons in cold water in order to ensure cleanliness. Take a few lumps of sugar, and rub them over the peel until you have enough to flavor the ice; probably two fine lemons will be sufficient. Put this lemon sugar into a quart of cold filtered water, and let it stand ten minutes, or while the lemons are squeezed. About half a pint of juice is usually needed. Having strained the juice and water flavored with the lemon sugar, add the syrup, and strain into the freezing pot. When the ice registers 25 degrees on the thermometer, press well down in the pot, and leave them in the freezing mixture for an hour. A little gelatine is useful to give richness and body to water ice; but care must be taken not to use more than the quantity named. Soak and dissolve in boiling water a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, add it to the quart of water to be used for the ice, thoroughly mix it with the other materials, and afterwards strain them.

**Bishop.**—Stick a Seville orange all over with cloves, and roast it before a slow fire, allowing the top of the cloves to be slightly charred. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace, and allspice well pounded, with ½ lb. of sugar, and the thin rind of a Seville orange or lemon, into a small saucepan, add half a pint of water, and let the whole boil until reduced one-half. Empty a bottle of claret into a perfectly clean saucepan, and put it on the fire until it simmers. Add the roasted orange and the prepared spice; let the mixture stand on the hob for ten minutes, then pour it into a bowl, add sugar to taste, a little grated nutmeg, and just before serving, fill a tablespoonful of brandy, set it alight, and pour it over the brew. Serve with slices of dry toast.

**Orange Jelly.**—Make a syrup with one pint of water and one pound of loaf sugar, boil it with the rind of four oranges and two lemons, skim it carefully and add the juice of eight oranges, and let it boil about twenty minutes; skim and add the juice of a lemon and either one pint of calvesfoot jelly, or sixteen sheets of the best French gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water and clarified with whites of egg. Peel a couple of sweet oranges, removing every particle of skin of both kinds, core them to get the rind of the pipe, and cut them in thin slices in such a way as to get rid of the pith round each quarter. Proceed to fill the mould, disposing of pieces of oranges in it in a symmetrical fashion.

**Chocolate Cream.**—Mix the yolks of eight eggs (strained) with three ounces of powdered loaf sugar and four ounces of grated chocolate; add one quart of milk; set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the outer one filled with hot water, and keep stirring till the cream thickens; dissolve in a little milk eight sheets of the best French gelatine, add this to the cream, strain it, pour it into a mould, and put it in a cold place to set.

**Orange Water Ice.**—Put sugar on the peel of 10 oranges and one lemon. Squeeze and strain the juice of the lemon and six oranges. Dissolve the flavored sugar with a little hot water, and mix the whole with half a pint of syrup of not greater strength than 40 degrees, so that the mixture will register 24 degrees, or is agreeable to the taste. If too sweet, add a little water. Strain into the freezing pot.

**Neapolitan Ice.**—These are merely two kinds of ice, water and cream, served together in equal portions. The most usual combination is that of strawberry ice cream and lemon water ice. Moulds are made for this purpose, into which the two kinds of ice are pressed after being made, with a little cardboard division to keep them separate. These are placed on ice for a short time to harden, and turned out to each ice plate, as from other moulds.

**Malted Claret.**—Boil for twenty minutes in a pint of water, six cloves, the thin rind of two lemons, a quarter pound of sugar, and a stick of cinnamon four inches long broken into small pieces. Add two bottles of claret or Burgundy previously warmed, and when the whole boils add a wineglassful of brandy or curacao; strain into glasses, grating a little nutmeg over each.

**Orange Salad.**—Peel eight oranges with a sharp knife, so as to remove every vestige of skin from their core then as you would core apples, and lay them, either whole or cut in slices, in a deep dish; strew over them plenty of powdered loaf sugar, then add a large wineglassful of pale brandy. Keep the dish covered close till the time of serving.

**Egg Flip.**—Beat three or four eggs with a little milk, sugar, grated nutmeg, and powdered ginger; put them in a jug with one quart of old rum. Heat one quart of ale, and when nearly boiling pour it into another jug, and add it gradually to the eggs; then pour rapidly from one jug to another till quite smooth.

# Answers to Inquirers.

**M. W. L. (Philadelphia, Pa.)**—The Latin words "Domine dirige nos," signify "The Lord direct us."

**B. B. S. (Detroit, Mich.)**—A lemon sliced with sugar, or honey and sherry, or a raw egg, are excellent remedies to clear the voice.

**L. N. H. (Union, Ill.)**—Expert skill is required to engrave the illustrations in books, magazines, etc. A letter addressed Boston, Mass., would doubtless reach him.

**I. M. R. (Monmouth, N. J.)**—We cannot undertake to furnish the names of any young ladies who would care to take part in a correspondence under the circumstances.

**E. J. M. (Lvon, Kans.)**—We know of no way in which you could certainly get a file of the Post from 1855 to the present time, unless by advertising what you require.

**READER (Chester, Pa.)**—The letters I. H. S. stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator, which means, Jesus the Saviour of men. The Latin language in which the words are here used.

**ANGELINA (Covington, Pa.)**—In the language of flowers, scales means romance; apan leaf lamentation; alyssum, worth beyond beauty; portulack, sweet remembrance.

**DELINDA (Newark, N. J.)**—From six to ten drops of cod-liver oil in a wineglassful of water every morning will sweeten the breath for the day, when the taste arises from the stomach and not from the teeth.

**NETTIE (Waynesburg, Pa.)**—The great reason why we have not more eggs in the winter is that hens have not comfortable quarters or requisite food. The hen is a tender animal—an exotic in this cold climate, and wants a warm bedroom and comfortable nursery.

**MIRIAM (Philadelphia, Pa.)**—It is true, by the use of 100 in Arabic numerals, to denote the value, that it is a token, and not a coin. Arabic numerals having been first used in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and copper coins first introduced two centuries later.

**SINCLAIR (Honeska, N. O.)**—You are to be commiserated; but try if the opposite of what you are now doing will not effect some change instead of your thinking more of the lady and the thinking less of you all the time, try what effect indifference on your part will have.

**HAYWOOD (Covington, Ky.)**—Sir William Davern was Poet Laureate of England from 1600 to 1606. He was a prolific dramatic writer, author of many heroic partisan pamphlets, and connected with the revival of the theatre after the eclipse it had suffered under the severe Puritan rule.

**FRANK (Franklin, Ind.)**—The treatment you have received at the hands of the young lady is what you deserved. If you have reformed, as you say you have, write a straightforward and manly letter to the young lady, confessing past errors, and promising complete reformation of your habits for the future.

**N. R. (New York, N. Y.)**—The letters K. C. B. after the name of Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore," mean that he is a Knight Commander of the Bath, one of the oldest and most exclusive of the English noble societies. The other branches of this society are Knights of the Grand Cross, G. C. B., and Companion, G. C. B.

**W. H. P. (Philadelphia, Pa.)**—On being introduced to a lady, you might say "I am happy to make your acquaintance;" that remark is always in order on such occasions. What to say after depends on circumstances; but, in your case, since you seem to have a little command of language, you had better say "Good night."

**M. E. O. (Bracon, Tex.)**—1. Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city. 2. For ourselves we prefer Scribner's in every respect. 3. We do not know the opinion entertained by others, but we consider them equally bad. There is nothing that may be called good in either. 4. The Atlantic Monthly is published at Boston, Mass.

**G. I. S. (Manchester, N. H.)**—The "seven wonders of the world" are the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyrae, or lighthouse of Alexandria, the Tomb of Mausoleus, the Colossus at Rome, the Temple of Diana, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias. There are others mentioned, but these are the ones generally accepted.

**S. G. P. (Warren, Ill.)**—The diameter of the sun is eight hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred and forty-six miles and the circumference two millions seven hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and eighty. The diameter is nearly one hundred and twelve times larger than that of the earth; and the sun is equal to one million three hundred and eighty-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two earths.

**CELESTRA (Germantown, Pa.)**—It is improper for any gentleman, who is a mere acquaintance, even though he is a railway conductor and has to pass your residence every day, to wave his hand and throw kisses at you. Take no notice of his gestures, except to let him see, by your reserved and dignified manner, that such demonstrations are distasteful to you. It would not be improper for you to return salute from him, if that salute be the lifting of the hat.

**R. S. W. (Hartford, Conn.)**—The "middle ages" may be called that period in the history of Europe, which begins with the final destruction of the Roman Empire, and is considered by some to end with the taking of Constantinople; by others with the Reformation; the discovery of America; the invention of printing, etc. According to Hallam, who wrote a history of this period, it extends from the invasion of France by Clovis, A. D. 486, to that of Charles VIII. in 1493.

**SHOENER (Monmouth, N. J.)**—You say: "A Spartan general fell at the moment of victory but dipping his finger in his blood wrote on an adjacent rock 'Sparta has conquered.'" Is this historically correct, and who was the hero? The story strikes me as that of the Spartan General Brasidas in Pindar's "Morale." He was fighting against the right wing of the Athenians, their left broken and flying, when he dropped. Thinking himself dying, he wrote as recorded. "Sparta has conquered." He was borne from the field, and soon after died.

**SUBSCRIBER (Chicago, Ill.)**—The terms used by publishers to denote the size of books in the Latin names for the numerals—quarto, four; octavo, eight; duodecimo, twelve; each having reference to the number of leaves into which a sheet is folded without regard to the size of the sheet. For example a sheet of paper as folded but once is entitled a folio, from the Latin folium, a leaf. Should you fold it again, it would make a quarto, or four leaves. Folding it again, would make an octavo, or eight leaves. Folding the sheet into twelve leaves makes a duodecimo.

**HEURICUS (Washington, D. C.)**—Neither the ancient Greeks nor Latins made use of rhyme. Their languages being essentially musical their versification depended chiefly upon the length of their syllables every one of which had a fixed quantity. The pronunciation rendered this so sensible to the ear that a long syllable was considered as precisely equal in time to two short ones. Most modern nations, however, pay less attention to the quantities of their syllables in pronunciation, and rest the melody of their verses on the number of syllables it contains on the proper position of accents and pauses, and frequently on that return of corresponding sounds which we call rhyme.

**THO. (Camden, N. J.)**—There are seven Bibles in the world: the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Bible of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitkes of the Buddhists, the five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zedavrest, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Bibles, and is not older than the year of the discovery of America. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Bible of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitkes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethical duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of the best authorities that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zedavrest of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose writings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C.